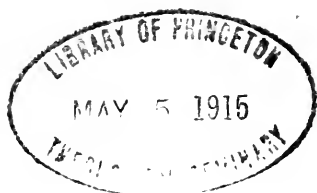


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The life of H. Roswell Bates





THE LIFE  
OF  
H. ROSWELL BATES







*H. Rowell Bates.*



THE LIFE  
OF  
H. ROSWELL BATES



BY  
S. RALPH HARLOW

ILLUSTRATED



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To  
EDITH TALCOTT BATES  
WIFE OF  
H. ROSWELL BATES

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THE FRIEND OF THEM BOTH



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

**T**HIS little volume has been prepared as a work of love, in the hope that it might serve as a memorial for the many friends to whom in Spring Street, at the student conferences, and in his wider ministry, Mr. Bates brought the strong, attractive message of his life. If to a larger circle it may present concretely the possibilities of the Christian ministry as they have actually been realized in the center of one of the most difficult fields in our own or any land, and if to men in the ministry who are face to face with such problems as those with which Mr. Bates struggled, the message of his life shall bring hope and inspiration to enter with new joy into the glorious, unending conflict, I shall feel that God has richly blessed my work.

The distance from America and the inaccessibility to much detail made it impossible for me to attempt any full biographical sketch. The first two chapters form a condensed outline of Mr. Bates' life, and in the succeeding chapters I have endeavored to bring out those characteristics of his life which endeared him to a host of friends, and those features of his work which made it of universal interest. The indiscriminate use of the names Roswell and Herb may seem strange to those who knew Mr. Bates by only one of them. But as his family circle and many friends used the former name, while his

college and seminary friends and the students knew him only as Herb, it seemed best to use both.

My friendship for Roswell Bates began in my college days at Harvard, and was strengthened as I met him at the summer conferences. Upon graduation, I went to New York, where I spent a year as a worker in the Neighborhood House at Spring Street. The close intimacy of that year, when we lived together in the Annex, and shared each others' experiences as few men ever do, ripened our love and mutual understanding. During my seminary course at Union, I continued my service at Spring Street, where Mrs. Harlow was then a resident worker. To the day of our departure from America, Mrs. Harlow and I possessed in a very real way the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Bates, and this friendship followed us into our missionary life. It is not, then, merely as my friend that I think and write of Roswell Bates, but as my brother, loved in a common loyalty to the ministry of Jesus Christ.

I am indebted to the generous help of many friends who sent me their reminiscences and told of what Mr. Bates had meant in their own lives. Especially am I indebted to Miss Anne Wiggin of the Neighborhood House, and to my wife, both of whom made easier my task by their encouragement and help.

S. RALPH HARLOW.

INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE,  
SMYRNA, Turkey-in-Asia.

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I  
THE YEARS OF PREPARATION

*Where cross the crowded ways of life,  
Where sound the cries of race and clan,  
Above the noise of selfish strife  
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!*

*In haunts of wretchedness and need,  
On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears;  
From paths where hide the lures of greed,  
We catch the vision of Thy tears.*

*From tender childhood's helplessness,  
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,  
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,  
Thy heart has never known recoil.*

*The cup of water given for Thee,  
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;  
Yet long these multitudes to see  
The sweet compassion of Thy face.*

*O Master, from the mountain-side,  
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
Among these restless throngs abide,  
O tread the city's streets again.*

*Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,  
And follow where Thy feet have trod;  
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,  
Shall come the city of our God.*

—FRANK MASON NORTH.

## I

### THE YEARS OF PREPARATION

**H**ERBERT ROSWELL BATES was born in that period after the Civil War when the nation had settled down to peace and prosperity, but he belonged essentially in thought and action to the period of social and industrial development of our own day. In a remarkable degree it was given to him to make practical application of the Gospel of Christ to some of the most difficult social problems of this restless age, and to reveal in his own attractive personality the possibilities of far-reaching service in the ministry of our Lord.

For his life-work Roswell Bates was well prepared by heredity and training. His grandparents on his father's side were of old New England stock, the grandfather a man of keen intelligence and high integrity, stern, resolute, honored, and feared by all who knew him; the grandmother, of gentler spirit. It must have been from her that Charles Carroll Bates, Roswell's father, inherited his

tenderness and sympathy. These qualities, combined with the stern virtues of the father, under whose discipline he grew to manhood, made him a man of unusual charm and ability. His mother died when he was but a baby. Charles Carroll Bates began his practice of medicine in the town of Potsdam, New York, and there he married Charlotte Clark, whose ancestry went back to an old Holland Dutch family on her paternal side, and on her mother's side to the family of Aaron Burr. Together they founded a home, into which the young husband determined to bring all that he had longed for and missed in his early days, after his mother's death. He could not have chosen a better partner for that home. Charlotte Clark's happy and joyous nature, her fine feeling and ready tact, her intellectual tastes and general capability, fitted her to be a perfect home-maker.

Their first child, born some years after their marriage, died in his infancy. The second child was a girl, and two years afterwards, on April 20, 1870, Herbert Roswell was born. No child could have received a more joyous welcome or have grown up in happier surroundings. The entire family was united by the closest affection, and the father and mother devoted themselves to their children. When

Roswell was three, the family moved to Auburn, New York, and there Dr. Bates soon acquired a large and exacting practice. But he was still a companion to his children. He planned to have them go with him as often as possible on his professional drives into the country or about the city. He was interested in his patients as human beings as well as petitioners for his skill, and the boy became interested in them too. Thus, from the beginning, the world was always for Roswell a world of people. He felt their needs and shared their homely problems.

Others of his later characteristics were early shown. He was always ready to meet emergencies and was seldom disconcerted. He was rarely punished, for the sweetness of his nature, his desire to make every one happy, his keen sense of right and wrong, and his response to reason, rendered it unnecessary.

The atmosphere of the home was religious. The children were taught that God was their Heavenly Father and that all good things came from Him. He had made them and given them to their parents in answer to prayer. It was natural that they should love Him. Their father and mother talked to Him, and they learned to talk to Him too. At family prayers the father sat on the big sofa with a child

on each side. Cuddled close to him they spelled out the words in the big family Bible, when it was their turn to read a verse. Their father's prayer was simple and sincere, and he prayed for them and the things in which they were interested. In Roswell's own Bible, which he always cherished, the father wrote, "God bless my son, that my son may bless the world." That prayer was a natural and spontaneous expression of the heart is illustrated by many occurrences of Roswell's childhood.

An incident full of humor took place when he was but seven years old, and was visiting a cousin, a boy of about his own age. One day they got into a heated political argument. Roswell was a burning Republican, his cousin just as ardent a Democrat. Roswell loved his cousin Frank so dearly that his heart ached for what to him was Frank's benighted ignorance. That evening during prayers, in which even the children joined, when Roswell's turn came, he startled the family by praying, "Please, Heavenly Father, won't you *please* forgive the Democrats, for you remember they don't know any better." This produced a very audible "Humph!" from the other side of the room.

At another time, while making a visit in the country with his cousin, the boys made a





The Child



raft. At dinner-time they told of their labors with great enthusiasm. After the meal, however, they returned to the river-bank to find the raft destroyed by the rough village boys. You can imagine the state of mind of Roswell and Frank, as, with indignation in their eyes and heated words upon their lips, they returned home. Soon Roswell's voice softened, however, and he said, "But, Cousin Mary, I shall pray for them tonight." His cousin Frank said, with a decided shrug of his shoulders, "Well, *I shan't.*"

The story of these early childhood days is that of any happy, healthy, American boy. One day when Roswell was playing at the home of a little friend he noticed that particularly hopeful supper preparations were being made. Probably company was expected. Taking in the situation in his quick way, he quietly remarked to the maid, "Elsie, you may put on a plate for me."

Roswell was seven and his sister nine when they first went to school. Up to that time his sister was almost his only playmate, and throughout his whole life there existed between them a close comradeship and sympathy, which was a strong controlling factor in the lives of each. They were alike in ideals and bound

together in an unusual intimacy by the precepts and joys of their early home.

They went to the public school. Roswell had been so sheltered from rough companionship that he found this new world full of excitement and thrilling adventure. Returning home from school one day, he announced to his mother, "I have had a terrible fight!" As he bore no marks of the fray, his mother's curiosity exceeded her anxiety, and she asked for an account of the event. He explained that a colored boy had followed him from school, calling him names, and had picked up a stone and thrown it right through his slate. And sure enough there was the hole, an indisputable witness to the one-sided "fight."

It was then that the mother gently told him that such a deliberate act of hostility must be the result of some unhappy and morose quality in the boy's heart, perhaps a lack of some one to love him and to sympathize with him. How it came about no one knows, but very soon the colored boy, who had been at once the dread and the butt of the other children in the school, was a firm friend of the white boy whom he had tried to injure. From this time Roswell took a warm interest in the colored race, an interest which he always felt and which manifested itself in

many a visit to the colored settlement in Auburn, and later, in his college days in Clinton, to direct religious and social work among them.

But a cloud of sorrow came over the beautiful life of this household, for when Roswell was but ten years old, his father developed a disease of the spine, from which he experienced acute and increasing suffering until his death two years later. Of this suffering the children were necessarily witnesses, although the worst of it was kept from them. As the family life centered more and more in the sickroom, its scenes of patient endurance impressed them with the conquest of the soul and the value of the spiritual life. It was no wonder that when his father passed from this world into the next, heaven became a very real place to the boy, or that there came a tenderness and thoughtfulness into his life.

From this time, too, the tie between mother and son became even closer. He not only knew her feelings by instinct, but he knew how to express his sympathy. Her nobility of soul, her cheerful way of meeting life's problems, her happy faith, as well as her quiet undemonstrative grief, all met their response in him. He began to feel a man's desire to help in meeting the family's expenses, and his mother allowed him

to undertake the sale of a small folding table. He spent many hours in Auburn and the adjoining towns seeking orders. He was wonderfully successful and earned a considerable sum, which his mother deposited to his credit. Not one cent did he spend upon any of those many things for which boys of his age always long. But when Christmas-time came, he gave each member of the family a beautiful and comparatively expensive present. And he was happy then! In his later days, he had what he called his "enjoyment fund"—it was for the use of some college lad, who, working his way through college, was unable to spend anything upon social pleasures. Supplying this lack was his enjoyment!

When he had just passed his eighteenth birthday, Roswell was confined to his bed one day with a slight illness, and his mother spent the greater part of the time at his side. She talked of his future and of her ambitions for him. She longed to have him become a Christian minister. That was his last day with his mother. She passed away at night in her sleep, and the next morning he and his sister knelt hand in hand by her side and consecrated their lives anew to the God she loved.

Two months after his mother's death, his sister entered college, and his aunt and he were

left alone until he finished his high-school course. His aunt had always been like an older sister, and from this time his affection for her became yet stronger and he gave her the devotion of a son. Till his earthly life was ended they were not separated, and she writes of their relationship, "I feel so grateful for the many years I had him. I doubt if there is a mother living who has had such love as he gave me." In his ministry at Spring Street, his aunt gave him not only her loving companionship, but entered with earnestness into his work and lived for some years in the Neighborhood House.

Till the time of his mother's death the question of Roswell's future life-work seemed almost to decide itself. His great-grandfather, grandfather, and father were physicians, and as he was the only son, his first thought was, "I must follow in their footsteps," for he knew that in this life with its many and varied opportunities, a large field was open for usefulness. At the close of his junior year in the High School, he had gone to Ithaca and passed the entrance examinations for the Scientific School of Cornell, with the intention of preparing himself for the medical course. This was just before his mother's death. But the influence of his mother's talk with him that last day together turned his thoughts in the direc-

tion of the ministry, and during his senior year in the High School he determined to take another year of classical study and then enter the academic course at Hamilton College, to fit himself for the theological seminary.

Upon leaving the High School, a proposition came from family friends living in Nebraska, asking if Roswell would come to Elba and become the principal of their high school. This expression of confidence appealed to his manhood and seemed very attractive to the boy, and he accepted. His intensity of living was manifest even at that early age, for often after a day of hard work in Elba, his evening was spent in a neighboring town, leading a meeting which aimed at the suppression of intemperance and vice. He called upon the young people around him to help by furnishing music for his meetings. Frequently he assisted in services on the Sabbath when the pastor was not able to be present. His wonderful love for his fellow-men developed in a larger degree during these months. The self-forgetfulness and sacrifice which characterized his entire life was often noticed and spoken of there. He organized neighborhood clubs in the town in order to establish high ideals among the people. At the close of the year he was urged to continue his



work, but was firm in his decision to enter college that Fall.

In the Fall of 1891 he became a Freshman at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. A business man who was his room-mate for two of his college years, and who possibly knew him as well as one man can know another, writes, "There is nothing in the world that I would exchange for my memories and thoughts of him." Another friend at college tells how Roswell never distinguished himself as a student, for it was impossible for him to stay alone long enough to do sustained work. He always had to have one or more men with him. He arranged "study-groups," asking men to come to his room to study with him, or going up College Hill to study with his friends in their rooms in the dormitories. It was always a question just how much serious work was done in these hours of good-fellowship, but Roswell protested that a vast amount was accomplished.

During his college course an incident took place which was a hard experience for him, but which showed the heroic unselfishness which always marked his actions. To shield a fellow-student from disgrace, after that student had pleaded with Roswell for help, he allowed himself to be accused of a theft, and remained

silent. He was suspended from the college, and the strain of this experience brought on a serious illness. The facts of the case having been cleared up, Roswell returned to college and became a stronger power for good in the life of the college than ever before.

During his senior year a prize was offered for the best thesis in advocacy of a protective tariff. Roswell amazed his classmates by announcing that he had written a thesis. Politics made no particular appeal to him, and the subject seemed to be outside his natural interest. It was autobiographical in form, and purported to be the story of a day laborer who at great effort had acquired a farm and cottage, had a family of children, and was making a keen struggle to maintain his economic independence, and to give advantages to his children. The narrative showed how the national tariff policy had helped the man in his successive steps upward, and how a change in that policy would add to the odds against which he was fighting. The general verdict of his friends was that Herb's production was an interesting little novel, but a poor thesis. He said that it was the only kind he could write, that he had read and studied a great deal about the tariff, but had no interest in statistics and long arguments

which were not expressed in terms of life. His thesis took the prize.

One of the interesting experiences of Herb's upper-class years was his connection with the colored church. There was a large negro population in Clinton and they were almost entirely without religious privileges. A colored Methodist preacher had antagonized the colored Baptists, and a colored Baptist had tried to re-baptize the colored Methodists. The situation was desperate, but Herb came to the rescue. He became pastor of the colored church.

The congregation met on Sunday evenings, in the large room of an abandoned school-house, which was usually well filled. Roswell gave himself to his first congregation. He preached simple direct homilies, which were suggested by the needs of his hearers, and which had to do with the elemental problems and duties of life. He had the same fervent manner and vivid concrete expression which characterized all of his later public speaking. He never found more joy in presenting the claims of Christ to a university audience, and was never more earnest in seeking to win to Christian service lives of rare promise, than in these early days when to his colored flock he spoke plainly yet lovingly of their besetting sins, pictured the joy of the Christian life, and pleaded with them to

give themselves to their Savior. He followed up his preaching with true pastoral visitation. He taught them how to make their homes more attractive. He closely watched those who were not always inclined to be sober. And when the time came for him to leave college, he planned for the continuation of his work. In return, those for whom he worked loved him devotedly, and once, when there was a death among their number, and it was suggested that an ordained minister be secured, a general opinion was expressed, "Mr. Bates is all the minister we want."

President Stryker, of Hamilton College, writes, "Many of Mr. Bates' class have become widely and deeply useful, but none of them beyond Roswell Bates."

Upon his graduation from college, in June, 1895, he went back to the home of his childhood, Auburn, for his seminary training, which extended from 1895 to 1898. He always remained a devoted and loyal son of Auburn Seminary. A decade before him, Maltbie Babcock had been a student there, and Babcock was his ideal of a minister. In later years, when he was at Spring Street, a letter of encouragement from Maltbie Babcock hung over his desk; a letter written to him as he took up his min-



The Boy



istry as pastor of Spring Street Church. The letter read:

BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
14 East 37th Street, New York.

January 31, 1901.

MY DEAR MR. BATES:

I am delighted that you have accepted the call to Spring Street and assure you that no one has warmer wishes and more certain hopes for you than I. I hope you will feel that at any time I can be of service to you by correspondence or interview you will take advantage of me.

Your sincere friend,  
M. D. BABCOCK.

Auburn has never lacked men of consecrated and heroic life among her student body, and there was such a group in Roswell's day. With men of this type he formed friendships of a most enduring character. Dr. Hoyt, one of Roswell's professors in Auburn Seminary, writes, "Mr. Bates was a loyal, heroic, young soldier on the advance line. He lived a full life and kept the faith, though his years were short. He was unique for his singleness, his faith, his courage, and to him nothing was impossible that he felt ought to be done. His example has been contagious beyond that of any young man that I have known. Many have taken heart over his victories. Young men have felt how

noble is the task of the ministry. In many a hard hour his example has heartened me."

During his seminary course he heard Dr. Halsey, then the pastor of Spring Street Church, tell of the increasing problems which his own and all "down-town" churches of New York City were facing, with the influx of a great foreign population and the migration up-town of the church members. The problem of the down-town church made a strong appeal to Roswell Bates, so strong, in fact, that the next time he went to New York City, he walked down to Spring Street and looked at the old church. As he stood there, his heart was moved within him, as he realized the great problems of that section of the city, the solutions of which were being left largely to the corner saloon. Then and there Roswell Bates said to himself, "I want to be a minister to a church like Spring Street." How little did he realize all that Spring Street was to mean to him in the years to come.



## II

# THE YEARS OF FULFILLMENT

*I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.*

—BANKS.

## II

### THE YEARS OF FULFILLMENT

**R**OSWELL BATES was ordained to the Christian ministry at Auburn, April 24th, 1898, by the Presbytery of Cayuga. The next Fall, he went as assistant to the Church of the Sea and Land, of which Dr. John Dennison was the pastor. Whoever knows New York, is familiar with the district around Chatham Square. On Henry Street, near the Square, under the shadow of the great Brooklyn Bridge, stands the Church of the Sea and Land. Here Mr. Bates found that for which he was seeking, a chance to help people who really needed help, and a chance to get at some of the big problems of a city's life. The régime at the Sea and Land in those days was severe and ascetic almost to mediævalism, but Roswell Bates threw himself into the work heart and soul. Just enough food, and that the very plainest, was served to the workers. At times dried apples and beans grew monotonous. Clothes were worn by the workers of the church until to have worn them longer would have at-

tracted attention. Mr. Bates has said that often he used to put paper into his shoes to stop up the holes, while his suit was nearly destitute of lining. They had made it a point never to refuse admission or a meal to any one who came to the church-house, and at breakfast many a time, they had a company of drunken men and women and street waifs. It was a literal interpretation of the Master's gospel.

In a letter to a friend, written at this time, Roswell said, "There is something fascinating about the work. When I lie down at night I cannot say the day has been wasted, for each hour brings a task to do for the Master: Can you imagine me playing the part of an express cart down East Broadway, loaded with bags of apples, bundles of clothes, a box with two rabbits, and another with a live chicken, and twenty 'fresh-air' children running around me like so many colts? Or, do you want a picture of me trudging through the sand at Coney Island, with a baby on one shoulder and one under each arm, and fifteen disreputable-looking mothers carrying more babies, as if I were a new edition of Brigham Young? Perhaps you prefer a kodak of me trying to hold up Mrs. Halloran, and to quiet her musical voice, as she shouts to every one that 'she's all right.' and staggers nearly dead drunk, with her hat

on hind side before, and her skirt dragging behind. What a time I had with her!"

Dr. Dennison writes of those days at the Sea and Land: "Mr. Bates shrank from no service, no matter how humble or humiliating, by which he felt he could help some one of those poor people who then lived on Cherry Street. He seemed to grow in character and in ability to reach the people from day to day, and I shall always count it a great privilege to have had him associated with me. I often look back to the little meetings we used to have together every evening, as to one of the inspirations of my life."

From the Church of the Sea and Land, Mr. Bates went to the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York as the assistant of Wilbur Chapman. At the Church of the Sea and Land, he had worked amid conditions of dirt, poverty and ignorance; the atmosphere of the Fourth Church was one of refinement, wealth and culture. Yet Mr. Bates won the same steadfast response from the hearts of the people there, that he had drawn from the poor of the tenements. He was looked up to by the young people with devoted loyalty. His ability to adapt himself to any conditions, his understanding of the spiritual poverty which existed in many a home of wealth, and his earnest

desire to fill that need, made his ministry one of peculiar power and efficiency. Throughout the years of his later ministry at Spring Street, the Fourth Church always assisted Mr. Bates with friendship and love, expressed through many gifts for his work. At the close of his first year at the church he went with Dr. Chapman on a tour of the Holy Land.

On his return from this trip, he was called to the pastorate of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church, situated on Spring Street, near Varick Street, on the lower West side of New York City. As the ministry of Roswell Bates is always associated with the Spring Street Church, and as it was there that his great life work was done, a separate chapter is devoted to these years. He had been at Spring Street only a short time when he wrote:

“Oh the peace of a life that is happy only when doing His will, where He wills! I believe I have found my place.”

For over twelve years he was the pastor of Spring Street.

During these years he made two extensive trips abroad, one through Europe, including Russia, where he visited Count Tolstoi. A companion of this trip thus describes the visit: “It was his determination that won us the interview with Count Tolstoi. Mr. Bates had

written two letters, one from Stockholm and one from St. Petersburg, but had received no reply. But that was not enough. We saw the American Consul in Moscow, and were told that the Consul had just tried to arrange with the Count for an interview with the American ambassador's wife, but without avail. Even this was not enough. Herb determined to meet the man whom all the world called the poor man's friend. We wrote a final letter, stating that on a given day we would get off the train at Tula, the nearest express station to the Count's estate, and would hope to find a letter in the post-office there, letting us know whether or not we might have a chance to meet Count Tolstoi. We got to Tula, and sure enough, there was the letter we looked for. It said, 'My father is very busy just now, but he will be glad to see you for five minutes.' It didn't take us long to find our way out on the local train and through the woods to 'Merry Meadows,' the simple, homelike country home of Count Tolstoi. We came expecting a stiff formal five minutes in a stiff formal household. We found the Countess and an innumerable company of children and grandchildren gathered around the tennis-court, where a game of mixed doubles was going on. A happier, heartier, more wholesome crowd it would be

impossible to imagine. They received us just as if we were neighbors who were in the habit of dropping in every day for tennis, and while the Count was resting they invited us to join in a game. Before the game was over, a servant came out ringing a big dinner-bell, and the party prepared to go in. We were in something of a dilemma, but there was nothing for it but to say good-bye. Imagine our surprise when we were told that they were expecting us for dinner, that our places were set at table, and that their father wouldn't hear of such a thing as guests going away, whom he had invited.

The table was spread on the piazza, with overhanging trees all about. There were some fourteen or fifteen at the table, and we were the only guests. The rest were all children and grandchildren of the family. There was nothing about that meal to indicate the theories that we naturally connect with the name of Tolstoi. True, it was simple, but not more simple than a family of culture, full of energy and life, would have in their country home in the Berkshires or Catskills. The Count did have different dishes from the rest of the family, but that was only natural for a man of his age, and as for the peasant's blouse, it was the most appropriate garment possible



in that sort of free camp-life that all were living.

But when Herb and the Count really got into conversation, we saw the other side of his nature. The clearness and the boldness of his statements, the eye that seemed to look straight through one and to comprehend future and past all in one view, and the absolute conviction of the truth of what he believed, no matter how contrary it might be to what all the world believed, reminded one of the Old Testament prophets. What if we couldn't altogether agree with his theories. The man was magnificent in his honesty, in his conviction of the truth of his message, and in his willingness to carry it through to the end.

'And when we walked through the fields after supper, and saw the man among his men, his simple, natural, happy relationship with his peasants, saw the daughter of the Count sitting up in the hay-mow with a peasant's daughter, then we felt that we had seen the real man, the man above all his theories, whose heart was even greater than his head.'

It was experiences like this that Mr. Bates sought and appreciated in traveling, meeting men, learning from men, more than seeing all the sights in the world.

On his other long trip, he visited the Far

East, with the express purpose of meeting missionaries and seeing them at work. This trip included Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, and India. Among the missionaries whom he met on this tour he formed many lasting friendships. His own tremendous enthusiasm for the missionary movement was unbounded, and his personal interest in the missionaries was wonderful. At Christmas-time he never failed to remember scores of them with little gifts, always including the missionary children in the Christmas packages. Each year he invited the newly appointed missionaries of the Presbyterian Board to a dinner at the Neighborhood House, which was followed by an automobile ride. Some years there were forty in the party. At the Northfield Student Conferences, no leader spoke with more fervent or sincere appeal to the college men than did Roswell Bates, when he asked them to face the great needs of the foreign field.

On a beautiful day in early June of 1909, Mr. Bates and Edith Talcott, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Talcott, of New York City, were married in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Although their earthly life together was limited to four short years, no one can speak of that closing period of his life-work without mentioning Mrs. Bates.

They were one and inseparable in their love and service for the Spring Street Church, and in their unselfish devotion to the needs of the neighborhood. Together they made their home the center of a radiant life, and all who entered its portals felt the touch of its influence. Their summer home, outside the city, was thrown wide open to Spring Street friends. All summer long parties of children and tired men and women went from the hot city for a good time in the country. On one Fourth of July when the weather was especially hot, forty people slept in the house, every available space being brought into use for the guests. And into such a party Mr. and Mrs. Bates threw a spirit of fun and friendliness that made every one feel at home from the smallest child to the old folks.

In December of 1910 Charlotte came to be a star of hope and ray of light in their lives, and in the lives of a host of others. Mr. Bates' love for his baby girl was exquisite. In his busiest moments when away at some school or college, preaching to crowds of students, he often sat down and turned his thoughts to his little girl. The following letter reveals the heart of Roswell Bates as a father:

42 LIFE OF H. ROSWELL BATES

TO CHARLOTTE BATES FROM HER FATHER.

October 23d, 1911.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLIKINS:

Tomorrow you will be ten months old. My what a big girl you are! and with all your husky little body, you are the dearest, brightest, cleverest, sunniest, little youngster that ever I did see.

Please tell your mother I wish you were both with me and wish your dear Aunt Ella had come along, though as Mrs. Buehler has five guests I do not know where she would have slept.

Laugh hard, be my good little Charlotte, with a kiss and a big hug for mother and aunt.

Your devoted father,  
H. ROSWELL BATES.

And the Bates shared their baby with others. Blessed be people who share their babies with others! We have a baby of our own now, and my wife and I love our baby boy more truly, because back in Spring Street days we had a share in Charlotte Bates.

Just as an instance of the way Mr. and Mrs. Bates did little acts of kindness, there comes to mind a dear old lady, whose life was lived in a tiny attic room near Spring Street Church. She had no relatives living, and her friends were all at Spring Street. Once she was taken ill in the heat of the summer, and we found her nearly dead, alone in her tiny room. Mr. and Mrs. Bates had her brought at once



The Father



to their summer home out in the country, where for one month amid green lawns and country breezes and Charlotte's laughter, she was restored to health and strength.

In July of 1912, a son came to add new blessings to the home. For Talcott Bates there was the same outpouring of love as for his sister. From Canada, in a letter dated January 23d, 1913, his father wrote to his baby:

DEAR LITTLE BOY MINE:

O what a joy to write those four words! You have my heart all curled up around your very existence. I'm almost afraid to even let myself know how I love you. It seems too wonderful to think you are mine. My daily prayer is that your dear mother and I may live to see you and your precious sister grow to be a quarter of a century old. We want you to have us to help you for I know what it means to "grow up" without father or mother part of the way.

Dear little boy mine—good-night—God watch over you, little sister, and big, big mother.

Your father,

H. ROSWELL BATES.

During Mr. Bates' last years at Spring Street, Mrs. Bates meant everything to him. Whatever a wife could possibly do, she did. She was always available for calls, walks, church, everything, and she poured into their

companionship all the strength and inspiration of her heart and soul. And yet, during their last two years, she knew that he was working beyond his strength, he drove so hard and had so little sleep. When he returned from speaking, he was often so exhausted that he could not stand. Always carrying the full weight of others' sins and temptations, he gave his strength to the weak and his sympathy to the suffering, as a person gives his life-blood to renew the life of another. This drain upon his very being was increasingly felt. His family physician had insisted that no human strength could long endure such continuous pressure, and was constantly urging upon him greater care. It was only during the last two years of his life that Mr. Bates would admit that the strain was beyond his strength, but he saw no way to change the circumstances, except to give up his work at Spring Street, and this he would not do.

The summer before his death, he went on a canoe trip to Canada with three friends, for an absolute change and rest. He was an expert canoeist himself, and loved the out-door life of the woods and streams. The wilder the woods, the better, and so much the better still if he could feel that no one had ever trodden that path before. A friend says, "I can see him



still, cooking the fish for dinner, for that was a part of the camp life that he reserved as his special prerogative. He had a saying that no one could be counted a good fisherman, if he left his fishing to come in to dinner before his stomach touched his backbone. No one can feel that he quite knows Herb, who hasn't seen him finally emerge from the woods with a two weeks' beard, with every article of clothing tied on to keep it from falling off, and with a tan and a vigor that ought to have lasted well through the year for any man that threw himself into his work with less utter abandon of soul and heart, as well as strength."

On this last trip to the woods, an incident took place which is related by one of his companions. At a camp where they spent the night, just before they took the train to come home, a man and a woman were in charge. They spent all the summer there away from civilization. The woman, especially, seemed much hardened by her life in the woods. After supper, while the rest were busy with their packs, Mr. Bates got into conversation with the woman about her religious life. He called the others in and together they had a service in the tent, singing many hymns that had been familiar to her in her childhood. Mr. Bates' words and the interest he had shown in her,

meant more to her than anything that had ever come to her in that life in the woods. She said it was the first time any one had spoken to her about Christ since she had attended her own church long years before. For Mr. Bates such interest and such a service were most natural, because everywhere he went he felt that he had a message to deliver.

III  
SPRING STREET

THE SPRING STREET RALLY SONG

Tune—Wacht Am Rhine.

*From youth to age, by night by day,  
For help and knowledge, work or play,  
Spring Street with open door has stood,  
One purpose only, doing good.  
And when the storms of life roll high,  
And sorrows rise, temptation's nigh,  
Her voice brings strength and comfort from above.  
Spring Street we serve, Spring Street we love.*

*To raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
To heal the sick and lead the blind,  
She follows in her Master's way,  
And does His very work today.  
With minds equipped, with muscles strong,  
With hearts aglow with joyful song,  
We pledge our loyalty to God above,  
Spring Street we'll serve, Spring Street we'll love.*

—WILLIAM S. COFFIN.

### III

#### SPRING STREET

**T**HERE are people still living who can remember the day when Spring Street was in the center of a residence district. But things are different now. Around the old church great factory buildings and warehouses rear their lofty stories, while beneath them long rows of tenements overflow humanity into the crowded streets. The great families have moved far up-town and some of the churches went with them. Spring Street stands today in the great factory district of New York City, and Roswell Bates is the man who kept Spring Street where it is.

When Mr. Bates was called to this pastorate in 1901, there were many people who predicted utter failure, and sincerely believed that it was impossible to keep the church alive in that part of the city. The feeling was rather tense on this point, for many of the congregation who had left the neighborhood wished to have the property sold. Many ministers of the Presbytery felt that this was a wise course, for most

of their own churches had done the same thing. But there were in the Presbytery two men who believed that Spring Street ought to remain where it was. One was Maltbie Babcock, who wrote at this time the letter so much prized by Mr. Bates, urging him to undertake the work. The other man was Dr. George Alexander, who for years had carried on his magnificent work in the University Place Church, which pessimists in 1885 had declared a forlorn hope. As Mr. Bates' nearest Presbyterian neighbour, Dr. Alexander was always a true and valued friend.

To the little group of people who still believed that Spring Street Church should stand on Spring Street, Mr. Bates sent the following message, "If God be with us we shall succeed, I accept." For weeks they had been holding prayer-meetings in their homes, asking God to send them the right man for the church they loved. When they received this answer to their prayers, they joyously responded. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

As the families who were left in the neighborhood were people of small means and were few in number, there was talk of making Spring Street a Mission Church under the Presbyterian Board, but Mr. Bates objected



Spring Street Presbyterian Church and Neighborhood House





in no uncertain manner. He declared that he would remain the minister of the church, only as long as it continued to be self-supporting. But it was a hard fight. The loyal little group who stood behind Mr. Bates had to sacrifice much that the church might keep its light burning. Some of them went without butter, others without sugar, and one family used only candles as light, that they might have more to give.

But Mr. Bates had not come to Spring Street to preach the Gospel to saints only; and people who go without butter and eggs for the sake of the Church of Christ surely have invisible halos. Roswell Bates had come to Spring Street to reach the unchurched in the neighborhood, and there were thousands of them. Especially did he long to get hold of the young men. Soon after his pastorate began, he sent personal letters to a score of young men living in the district, inviting them to a special evening service. He then prepared a sermon on the text, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." When he went into the pulpit that Sunday evening, he found only familiar faces in the pews, and these were mostly of women. There was one young man, and that young man was up in the rear gallery pumping the organ. Mr. Bates has said that he never felt so much like giving up as he did

that night. Up-town there was a large church calling him to be one of its ministers. During every year of the twelve years of his ministry, he received call after call to churches of far greater wealth and larger membership, to positions which offered him several times his salary at Spring Street, and once he was offered a professorship in a university. But he stood by his post. What a testimony to the character of the man and the underlying motives of his ministry! And in the end he won out. Spring Street became a strong and powerful church with a membership of over six hundred.

There are many examples of the way in which Roswell Bates drew men to Christ. The first Sunday that he entered the pulpit as pastor, a note was handed to him in the Session Room, telling him that a man at the door of the church wished to speak to him. It was time for the service to begin, but Mr. Bates hurried to the door. There he found a bitter enemy of the church awaiting him. Turning fiercely upon Mr. Bates, he cursed him and the ministry upon which he was entering. A few months later, the young pastor of Spring Street had the joy of receiving this man into the fellowship of the church, on confession of his faith in Christ.

An outstanding feature of his ministry was the dignity and reverence, yet perfect sim-

plicity, of the church services. However rollicking and full of fun Roswell Bates was outside the pulpit, no man was more dignified in it. A youthful seminary student, working in an up-town church, once made the flippant remark, "I suppose down at Spring Street the service is like a Bowery Mission meeting without the reverence I like in a church service." Could that youth have been present on a Sunday morning, and seen the gowned choir of young women enter the church singing the processional, could he have observed the beauty of the whole order of service, he would not have made such a statement. The wife of a clergyman from another part of the country remarked, after being at Spring Street one Sunday morning, that she considered it a wonderful blessing to have a church with such an impressive service in that part of the city.

Mr. Bates' preaching was always simple and direct. He went after the hearts of men. There was a peculiar eloquence in his appeal and his fund of material in concrete illustration was unusual. He preached "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and his call was to the souls of men for spiritual and moral decision, rather than for intellectual acceptance of a doctrine.

As a pastor, Mr. Bates longed to keep in

close touch with the hearts of his people. This became an increasingly hard problem, for the church had grown rapidly, and its people were constantly changing their residence, many moving out into the suburbs when their incomes allowed it. Mr. Bates, and after their marriage, his wife with him, set aside as many evenings as possible in order to call on the people, when the men, who worked during the day, might be at home. These calls were often made on evenings when Mr. Bates was physically worn out by the constant demands made upon his strength since early morning. A former worker wrote to the church after his death, "One event which made a lasting impression upon me I want to share with you. It was during an illness when we lived together in the Annex of the Neighborhood House and I had been helping to care for him. One evening, as he lay on his bed, he asked me to bring him his little book which contained the names of all the members of his congregation. As he held it in his hand, I sat by his side, and he told me of his love for them all. He said, 'I know what it means when I read those words, "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," for I too have tried to carry their sorrows and bear their burdens.' He told me how he used to spend

hours on his knees, praying for each one by name, bringing to God their trials and temptations. He said that at first they had been like one great family, and then he broke down, for he was very weak at the time, as he told how the church had grown so large that he could no longer bring to God each one by name, and know their burdens as he could before his work had grown to such proportions. That little talk gave me an insight into the heart of a man, who was the kind of minister I longed to become."

Some one once said that he believed in Mr. Bates, because he tried to live out the Sermon on the Mount, without debating what the consequences might be, or whether it was conventional. It was by spontaneous acts of kindness that he became especially endeared to the hearts of his people. One morning after a heavy fall of snow he was late for breakfast, and a friend afterwards discovered that he had stopped to shovel the walk for a frail woman living nearby, who had no one to do it for her. Once when two people were starting for a visit to their old home in Ireland with their wee baby, and had engaged passage in the steerage, Roswell went down to see them off. When the ship sailed, they discovered that he had secured cabin accommodations for them.

At one time, in order to find out just what the City Wood-yard, to which he often sent men, was like, he disguised himself as a tramp, went there and worked, till he was overcome by the heat. He had gone to the wood-yard in order to learn whether or not the statements were true, which the men made who begged for bread and work at the Neighborhood House door. When they were given tickets to the wood-yard, they had often said, "No man in our physical condition can do the work. It is too hard for a well-fed man."

Another strong characteristic of Mr. Bates was his humility. Whenever he had an ordained assistant, he insisted on putting him on an equality with himself in every possible way. On all church stationery their names appeared together as co-pastors of the church, and Mr. Bates sought to efface anything which made himself prominent. He had the center chair removed from the pulpit, and left only the two chairs, one on either side, even when his assistant was but a seminary student. He believed that, in the ministry, a man had to fight constantly against conceit and self-praise, and he requested his congregation and his workers to refrain from any congratulatory remarks.

It was Mr. Bates' custom, at the close of

every service in the church, to go at once to the Session Room, remove his gown, and before the congregation had left, to be at the front door with warm-hearted, enthusiastic hand-clasps, and words of cordial friendliness for all who passed him. With what tenderness he would take a little child in his arms, talking meanwhile with the mother, entering into all the details of their home-life, understanding their needs and speaking their vernacular! To many of these friends and parishioners he was the very spirit of the Christ, for surely the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand, and the love within his eyes, had been their first glimpse of the Christ Himself.

Throughout the summer months, Spring Street carried on tent meetings down on the water front. Here, night after night, the outcasts of the city streets sat and listened to the Gospel story, and joined in hymns still dear to many of them through childhood memories. It was not always the man or woman who had been brought up amid scenes of crime and dissipation, who drifted into that tent. During one summer, fifteen college graduates were found among those who stayed to the after-meetings. Many a time Mr. Bates came away from that meeting, with his arm around some poor drunkard, and more than once he has walked

the street for hours, helping some man fight for a victory over temptation. And the time came when he could count among the officers of his church, and among its honored members, those who had indeed been redeemed. There is more than one man who drifted into the outdoor meetings or into the tent, a derelict, and far from the Father's home, who today is preaching in the pulpit of a Christian Church.

Another phase of the life of the church was the work for the Italians, great numbers of whom had moved into the neighborhood. Through the help of the Presbytery, an Italian pastor was secured, and today there is an Italian congregation numbering over a hundred. A loyal and devoted band they have proved to be. Mr. Bates moved among them with the same spirit of Christlike love and brotherhood that he had for his English congregation, and Mrs. Bates came nobly to his assistance with her knowledge of the Italian language.

Soon after Mr. Bates came to Spring Street, he realized that, if the church was to live and grow, it would be necessary to broaden its work. The congregation, however, could not assume a heavier financial burden than was already involved in the support of the church. Holding the members responsible for the



management and finances of the church, with the help of friends from outside, he leased No. 239 Spring Street, and started a Neighborhood House. It was not long before this house was crowded from top to bottom, with a basement overflowing with clubs of boys. A long lease could not be obtained, and the owners of the property were unwilling to make alterations or improvements. The three-story building was no longer adequate to the needs of Spring Street. Through the generosity of friends, and with the help of two mortgages, Mr. Bates purchased No. 244 Spring Street, and started the present Neighborhood House organization, incorporating it in 1905, under the name of the "Spring Street Social Settlement," with a Board of Trustees, of which he himself was the President. A few years later, one of the mortgages was paid off, and the second one cancelled, so that the property was held free of debt.

No. 244 Spring Street consisted of a five-story front tenement house, which had two stores on the ground floor, and apartments for four families on each of the upper floors. In the rear was a three-story building, which had housed four or five families. The staircase, leading to the second floor of the front house, was put on the outside, on the church property,

and the ground floor made into one big room, to be used for the daily meetings of the Kindergarten, to which about fifty children of the Neighborhood come, and for other meetings.

On the second floor, there is a Day Nursery, where mothers leave their babies from early morning to late afternoon, with the confidence that they will be well cared for. One room contains the twenty-five cots in which the babies sleep. In another room, is the low round table around which they eat their bread and milk, and a third room is used as a play-room for the older children.

A "model flat" takes up part of the next floor. It consists of a few rooms similar to those in which most of the people in the neighborhood live, fitted with inexpensive furnishings, and used as club rooms for the girls. One of the rooms contains a small library which is used by the children, and books are circulated in some of the homes. Another larger room on this floor is used as the main club room for the boys. Other club rooms for boys and men are in the Annex or rear building of the Neighborhood House.

One of the great needs of Spring Street had always been a Gymnasium. There was not enough money with which to buy land and build one, so Mr. Bates arranged to lease the

rag-pickers' factory in the rear of 242 Spring Street, to be used as a Gymnasium. The rent of this building was annually paid by the boys of the Hill School.

Every day in the week the Neighborhood House and Annex are crowded with boys and girls, men and women. There are sewing clubs, cooking clubs, literary clubs, social clubs, debating clubs, dramatic clubs, clubs of every kind for everybody. Almost every evening you can hear the blare of trumpets from the Boy Scouts, for it would be hard to find in all the city a more enthusiastic troop.

The house is for the neighborhood, and the neighborhood knows it. From top to bottom there is eager, active, happy life. Often it pours into the house in the form of neglected and erring childhood, but it generally goes out to better, cleaner living.

A free Dispensary is connected with the Neighborhood House, and a nurse from the New York City Mission Society visits daily in the homes of the people. In addition, the services of two other trained workers are given by the City Mission Society. These women spend all of their time visiting in the neighborhood, and in taking charge of such important departments of the work as the large weekly Mothers' Meeting, and the

Fresh-air work in the summer. The leaders of the clubs are young college students, men and women, some of them living at the Neighborhood House and giving all of their time to Spring Street, others volunteer workers from the colleges of the city, or young graduates who are in business in New York. Hence, some of the clubs bear the names of the "Princeton Tigers," the "Elis," and the "Columbia Blues." And the heart and soul and inspiration of the whole house was always the ringing laugh and hearty hand-clasp of Mr. Bates.

The life of the church and Neighborhood House were closely intertwined. Mr. Bates was the head-worker of the Neighborhood House, and gathered around him a group of young and eager assistants. Of this "family" more will be said later.

Mr. Bates believed in, and carried to successful issue, a policy in settlement work which many social workers consider impossible of success in a Roman Catholic or a Jewish neighborhood, namely, the combining of an evangelistic purpose with the settlement ideal. There are settlements where the workers are practically pledged not to mention the name of Jesus Christ, nor to make any effort whatever to evangelize the people of the neighborhood. At Spring Street, the soul and center of every

club, and every activity of the Neighborhood House, was to win men and women into a deeper religious faith, and that faith the one that is conquering the world, the faith of Jesus Christ. No one, who ever worked at Spring Street and entered into the fullness of the joy which pervaded the family of workers in its consciousness of the battle for souls, could ever be satisfied to work where lesser ends were sought. When the workers of the Neighborhood House went into wretched homes, they went not only to bring food and clothing, or to put new furniture in the rooms; they went to carry the Gospel of the Living Christ to men and women who above all else needed Him. And the results were what Christ taught His disciples that they might expect with such a faith. They saw eyes blinded by sin and vice opened to the light of a new life, they heard lips dumb through long years break forth into hymns of praise, they saw lives that were maimed, deformed, and shrunken, lifted up into the fullness of children of God.

Many are the families for whom Mr. Bates has worked out his ideal. He found one mother starving to death with her three little girls, a baby dead from starvation in her arms. Her husband had died in sunny Italy, and,

with no knowledge of the new land or the strange language, the mother had come to America thinking it a Land of Promise for her daughters, as the father had told her to take them there. Mr. Bates took the mother and three children to the Neighborhood House. As she learned English, she also learned a new faith in God, and her sunny, trustful, childlike love drew many nearer to the Heavenly Father. Many a college student who came to work at Spring Street caught inspiration from her glad smile and radiant faith. Her three daughters graduated from the High School, one of them taking a high scholarship which admitted her to Barnard College, where she is doing good work.

To aid the people of the parish in their rights, which unscrupulous landlords sometimes tried to override, Mr. Bates secured the legal assistance of one of the best lawyers in the city, who gave his help without charge whenever his advice was asked. This lawyer wrote, "Mr. Bates was one of the very few men whom I held in perfect respect, and I always counted him a real friend in the truest sense. His work was so far-reaching, and of such vital importance, and so absolutely unselfish in its character, that I always felt it an honor when he asked me to serve him, or

one of the many to whom he ministered. I never knew a man who accomplished so much happiness for others, and so I feel that his life, so sadly shortened, has been of more value to mankind in the service of Christ, than that of most people who live to be much older in years. I shall be glad to serve the church and its people in the future as in the past."

During the last few years at Spring Street, Mr. Bates secured a summer home for the Neighborhood House to which the people of the church and the children of the neighborhood might go for happy outings, while hundreds of Spring Street children were sent to the country each summer by the Tribune Fresh-air Fund.

The worker in charge of the summer home the last summer before his death, wrote, "It was the most wonderful and beautiful thing up at Knollwood to see that even the little children thought of Mr. Bates in a vague way as the Guardian Angel of the spot. They thought that he bought everything in the place with his own hands, even the match boxes. Then just the mention of his name in conversation with the older people always brought a light to the eye, and a smile to the face. 'Oh, he's the best friend I ever had.' 'He came to

me when my little girl was dying.' 'He has always helped me since my husband was in trouble five years ago.' Always in time of struggle or of pain he had seemed to be their comforter, and had stayed with them through the ups and downs of their hard lives. One Italian girl exclaimed, 'He is so lovely that the room is bright when he is in it.' As a worker who was under Mr. Bates, I believe he seemed greater every year. He had a marvelous faculty for trusting you and believing in the best of you, and yet he was utterly sincere, and so efficient himself, that he made us feel that we must give of our best efficiency. Until I knew that he would never see Knollwood again, I had hardly realized how much he had inspired me to do my best. He had a fine ideal of what the general purpose and spirit of the place should be, and also a wonderful grasp of such matters as the number of servants needed, games for the children, things for house-cleaning, tastes of guests, etc. He was a master of practical detail."

In 1912, a committee from the Presbyterian Church of Canada visited the United States, to learn what was being done along the lines of institutional church work. One of the committee was the celebrated author, Dr. Gordon,



(Ralph Connor). Upon their return to Canada, a member of the committee wrote to Mr. Bates as follows: "I take the liberty of saying that, after the Rev. Dr. Gordon and Colonel Thompson of Winnipeg, and I, spent ten days in the study of the various sorts of institutional work being done in New York City, and having, as well, visited and given careful attention to various lines of work in other cities, such as Boston and Chicago, we were all of the one opinion as to the unique character of the work Spring Street Church and Neighborhood House, under your able leadership, are accomplishing. I have found, also, that this opinion is shared by a large circle, rapidly extending, in various parts of both the United States and Canada. You are coming to be regarded as holding a unique place, as a pioneer of the best method of facing the deplorable conditions in the most difficult part of our great cities.

"Two serious mistakes are being made by opposite groups of Christian workers.

"First: There are those who confine their efforts absolutely to evangelistic services, aiming at the reclaiming of human wreckage. This is a blessed work and a Christlike work, but after all, it does not reach beyond a small number of wrecked lives, and it does absolutely

nothing to prevent the wholesale continuance in operation of the forces that make for wreckage.

“Second: Those who eliminate almost wholly the Evangel out of their mission and message, and confine their attention to efforts aimed at the righting of wrong conditions and at the transforming of the prevailing environment, without attempting, by Divine Grace, the regeneration of individual lives.

“We who are charged with special responsibility in these special lines of endeavor, for the Presbyterian Church in Canada, are unanimously of the opinion that the course you have taken is the one that gives the largest results and the most enduring results, namely, the union of thoroughgoing New Testament Evangelism, aiming at the transforming by the grace of God of each individual heart and life, and Social Service, aiming at the opening of the door of these hearts for the Evangel, and at the improving of the environment in which these lives are to be lived; but what is more important than the fact that this union of these two lines of endeavor gives the best and most enduring results, is the fact that it is the method that our Blessed Master followed, as the Gospel records show. As we re-read the New Testament, we cannot avoid the convic-

tion, that in uniting Evangelism and Social Service, as you are doing so splendidly in Spring Street Church, we are not trying anything new, but getting back to the original method sanctioned by the personal example and by the teaching of the Lord Jesus; and surely that is the all-supreme test."

Thus did Roswell Bates bring into a neighborhood, not merely a social center in the form of teas and clubs, but a center of regenerating power and the Evangel of a Living Faith. In the words of Mrs. Meigs of the Hill School, "He had a passion not only for the redemption of souls, but in addition, he had a passion for the happiness of souls. It is because he longed to bring brightness into dreary lives, to lift heavy burdens from feeble shoulders, and to gladden the hearts of little children, that he gave himself so unreservedly to his work at Spring Street. He took one of the neglected corners of the great city and poured his life blood into it, giving not only the thoughts of his mind and the ministrations of his hands, but himself, the very heart and soul of the man. He lived with and for the people who came to him for help, or to whom he went to give succour, and he entered into the innermost sanctuary of human hearts, and lives, and homes. Roswell Bates has run his race

with a swifter pace than most of us, but he has lighted a torch, and placed it in other hands that they might go forward, carrying the light he lit to darkened homes and shadowed hearts; that they may give, as he gave, the message of God's love to humanity; that they may lift up, as he lifted up, the Cross of Christ, that all may be drawn unto Him Whose he was and Whom he served.

“To have wrought as he wrought; to have loved as he loved; to be loved as he is loved; to have opened the eyes of those blind to God's truth; to have unstopped the ears of those who were deaf to God's voice; to have awakened the spirits of those dead in trespasses and sins; to have made crooked things straight and dark places light, is truly to have lived and divinely to have achieved. No one of us would call him back to the limited fields of this earth of ours when he has entered upon the illimitable stretches of life eternal where, as Phillips Brooks said, ‘They shall do their work with angelic ease, for the heavenly task shall make heavenly men with heavenly strength.’ ”

God has called him to those heavenly tasks in fairer fields than ours, but the work he wrought is not to cease, the torch he carried forward eager hands have taken up, and the doors of Spring Street Church and the Neigh-

borhood House remain wide open for the Master's service. For the life of Roswell Bates' earthly ministry goes on, because it was the deathless life of the Eternal Christ.



IV  
THE NEIGHBORHOOD-HOUSE  
FAMILY

*We fight to win, for we fight with God for  
His children.*

—JACOB A. RIIS.

*It is great to be out where the fight is strong,  
To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight for man and God!*

*Oh, it seams the face and it dries the brain,  
It strains the arm till one's friend is Pain.  
In the fight for man and God!*

*But it's great to be out where the fight is strong,  
To be where the heaviest troops belong,  
And to fight for man and God.*

—CLELAND B. MCAFEE.



## IV

### THE NEIGHBORHOOD-HOUSE FAMILY

**I**T was the noon meal at the Neighborhood House. Around the table in the dining-room was seated a group of young people, engaged in animated conversation. There were ten of them in all, and they represented as many different colleges in the East and Middle West. At the end of the table where the conversation was most heated the voice of Mr. Bates could be heard, full of an earnestness which was in distinct contrast to the twinkle in his eyes and the kick under the table he was giving to another worker. "Now, really, don't you think it would be just great to have the city establish a free lemonade depot on every street? Just think of what it would mean to the babies, too! Then their mothers would feed them lemonade instead of tea or beer, and I am sure it would be more healthy." Just then, as his quick ear detected a conversation at the other end of the table centering around Fresh-air Work (a forbidden subject at meals,

just as all conversation regarding the day's routine was prohibited at meal-time) he addressed the leader of the discussion: "By the way, Frank, that's an awfully sporty tie you're wearing this morning. And I'll bet your socks are a vivid green. We'll never make a missionary out of you. Any man that will wear orange ties and green socks!" Then "I beg your pardon," he said, turning to a young Wellesley graduate, dignified by the title of "Resident in Charge," on whose face he had seen a look of annoyance. "You know I hate to mention socks at the table myself——" Hereupon a young man seated on his right broke out with, "Say, Herb, is Mrs. Regan O. K.? I let her have \$2.00 yesterday for an apple-stand license." A roar of laughter greeted this remark, while Herb threw up his hands in mock despair. The Ohio chap had just arrived at the Neighborhood House that week and was new to it all. "Jack, do you mean to tell me that you gave Mrs. Regan \$2.00?" "But she cried so, and told me the most pathetic story." A more sophisticated member of the company slyly queried, "Were her children dying, or her husband sick and out of work?" "Both," ejaculated the Wesleyan. "Well, after dinner you just run over to 236 and see if her husband isn't the husk-

iest sick man you ever saw, and as for Jimmy and Mary, I wish you could have seen them in my club last night!" From the Regans, the conversation drifted on to Woman Suffrage, of which Mr. Bates was an ardent supporter, and there followed a spirited debate, six to four in favor of suffrage.

The young people around the table were a typical group of Spring Street workers—"the Family," as they always called themselves. A quality of friendship apparent in that little circle made it stand out unique in the lives of those who were privileged to share its fellowship. Mr. Bates was always the heart and center of it all, guiding, strengthening, encouraging them with his own indomitable will and sterling loyalty, till they longed to know as he knew, and work as he worked, in the Master's service. As the years passed, the membership of the group was changed, but the spirit remained the same. During those twelve short years at Spring Street, Mr. Bates drew around him more than two hundred young people as workers, some of them for a Christmas or Spring vacation away from their college classes, and many of them as resident workers who spent months or years at the Neighborhood House. These young men and women are out in the world now;

three of them are in China, two are in Turkey, one is in India, four more sail for the foreign field within a year, and others expect to sail at the completion of medical and seminary courses. Four others are ministers of New York City churches, and more than twenty are serving Christ in the ministry throughout the United States and Canada; and not the least of the old Spring Street group are those who have taken their ideals out into the business world.

One of these latter was called to a splendid position in a large firm in a western city. In a short time he discovered that all was not right. The goods he was selling were not what they were advertised to be. He went to the president of the firm and told him that as a Christian he could not continue to be a salesman for the firm, unless the goods were just what they were stated to be in the salesbooks. The president, himself an officer in a church of the city, turned upon the young man and said, "Were we to adopt your policy we should fail. All the other firms which sell these goods do this." The young man resigned. A few days later he received a note from the president asking him to call at his office. When he reached the office and the door was closed, the older man turned to the younger, and said:

“Young man, you may cost this firm a good deal of money, but you have meant more than money to me. We are going to sell goods just as they are advertized.” Then, asking the young salesman to kneel with him, he said: “Oh God, I may fail, but if I do, I fail trying to follow the right as I have been given to see it.” The firm has not failed as yet.

On the walls of the Neighborhood House there hangs a picture presented to Mr. Bates by Jacob A. Riis at the time the house was opened, and on the lower margin in the handwriting of Mr. Riis are these words: “We fight to win, for we fight with God for His children.” These words were often on the lips of Mr. Bates, and were so exemplified in his life that his workers caught the spirit and took this slogan as their own.

A young minister who turned away from the opening before him in a large and wealthy church, to give all of his time to building up a group of churches among the immigrants of New York City, writes: “We who have been of the Spring Street family know in our hearts as no one else can tell us what its head meant to us. He was peculiarly ours. No one ever really knew Mr. Bates who knew him apart from Spring Street. I can never think of him without thinking ‘Spring Street,’ nor

can anyone now, or even in the coming years, think of Spring Street apart from him and his abiding influence. Mr. Bates never allowed us to forget that we here were a battalion in the great army of God, organized for warfare, defending our faith best by aggressive attack where the hosts of sin seemed strongest. I owe a deep gratitude to many forces besides my upbringing at home in training me for my present work, but of them all I owe most to Spring Street and to what I learned there."

Another old Spring-Streeter, now under appointment to take charge of an entire island in the Philippines group as his missionary parish, says of the year he spent at Spring Street: "I was a fearful combination of egotism, asceticism, selfishness and pessimism, when I first met Mr. Bates, and I think he asked me to work at Spring Street because he saw that I needed work done on me. He did his best for me, and it was not his fault if he failed. I never had about me such a kindly body of persons as those whom Mr. Bates had gathered at Spring Street, and I know I shall never be in such a company again. As I look back upon that year, I think there was a change in me. Awkwardly, as one who never tried before, I essayed little acts of kindness, and I

was woefully jealous that others could do them so much better than I. The spirit of Mr. Bates seemed to have caught all of us. He gave Christianity a unique shade, a peculiar tint not to be found elsewhere. Spring Street was not quite mortal or human. The first time I ever saw those mercury electric lights, which are now so common, I wondered if heaven were about that color. Spring Street has always seemed to me to have that ultraviolet, other-worldly, halo about it. It was better than real life, and vastly sweeter; it was too good to be true, yet it was true. One could not have Christianity knocked out of him by a thousand years of German philosophy after one year at Spring Street. However scientifically inconclusive it may be, Christianity worked at Spring Street. It was a fact there. It was a fact in Mr. Bates. One caught a peculiar conviction that this unseen something has power to capture the world as one saw it catching life after life, where it shone even as it shone in the life of Mr. Bates. 'As I have longed for the speedy regeneration of the world and wondered how it could best be accomplished, I have found myself imagining a Roswell Bates settled in every other block in every town. Nobody who ever knew him doubts that that would do it.'"

In a letter to another Spring-Streeter, written a few months before Mr. Bates' death, there is the tribute of one right in the fight, who wrote from her heart, "I am trying hard to keep Mr. Bates from breaking down, but the task is not an easy one. I am up to my eyes in work, but how I love it more and more all the time. My idea of heaven is getting to be a place where there is a perpetual Spring Street in which to live and work."

Another young woman has expressed what was in the hearts of all of us who worked at Spring Street, many and many a time. "It wasn't always the things Mr. Bates *was* that endeared him to his workers, but often the things he so blessedly wasn't. When I saw him the first time after a short absence from Spring Street he didn't give me a formal greeting, as I fear most pastors would have done, but said, 'Why, bless your heart!' and shook hands in a way that made you know he meant every word of it. He liked us, he really did."

There is a reference made by one of his workers to a phase of Spring Street which drew us into very intimate knowledge of the inner life of Roswell Bates. Each week we had our "Workers' Meeting." Whatever else we missed, we had to be at that meeting. Before we discussed together the work of the



week and made plans for the days to come, Mr. Bates himself always conducted a personal talk on the realities of spiritual forces. No one, who sat week by week in that circle and heard him talk to us of the power of his faith, ever doubted the reality of that faith. He always closed that conversation, which he generally based on some Scripture passage, by having us all kneel down and expecting each to offer prayer. This worker writes, "Our prayers at Workers' Meeting may have been an agony to some of us—they were to me—but when it came right down to it, they were not offered to any immediate audience, but to a Friend Whom Mr. Bates had taught us to know and love."

Not only in groups, but in individual fellowship, did Mr. Bates draw his workers into the same intimate communion with God that he himself experienced. Many a man could tell the story written by one of the workers of Mr. Bates' last year at Spring Street. "The more one knew him, the more one loved him. I am sure that was the common experience. I spent one night with him alone at his home, and it all seems as real to me as if it took place yesterday, the kneeling together in prayer at the bedside, the talk which lasted far into the night, our beds pushed close together, and Mr.

Bates reaching his hand out in the darkness to mine. At another time three of us were together. Before we retired, Mr. Bates called us to his bedside, and kneeling between us placed an arm across the shoulders of each, as we joined in prayer. Somehow we went to rest after that experience more secure in God's love and more filled with His peace."

After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Bates dedicated their home to this same ideal of personal influence for Christ. Their home was always open, and the following is only one illustration of an experience which took place many times. 'A' former member of the Neighborhood House family writes, "Herb seemed to see into a man's heart and feel for him. I remember one Sunday afternoon when I was trying to conduct the 'Happy Gospel Hour' (which for me was often anything but 'happy') while Herb was in the room observing all that was going on. During my story things went fairly well, but my inexperience with such affairs was well demonstrated in the final wind-up, for I made an awful mess of it. The kids broke loose from my control and were noisily 'beating it' for the door before the service was supposed to be over. I felt humiliated more than ever, to have had it happen while Herb was present. I fully ex-

pected that he would give me the tip that I must take a brace with that Happy Hour, and I surely thought the calling down was coming, when that night after supper Herb called me out into the hall. Instead of what I expected, I received an invitation to go home with him and spend the night and get a good rest. Perhaps he knew that my error was only too manifest to myself, and that a little change and rest would do me good. 'Anyway, I went home with him and before going to bed had, in prayer with him and his wife, one of those experiences that I love to go back to in memory, as to a place in life's journey where God was very, very near, and where the fellowship of His servants was worth all the world. Herb meant a great deal to me. I guess I can only pay it back by trying to play the game better.'

It is difficult to bring these testimonies to a close. Before me lies a pile of letters from old Spring-Streeters, still unused. It has been hard to choose from so many, all bearing witness to the same great central fact, love for Mr. Bates and Spring Street, and the joy of the fight God has given to each one.

Mr. Bates' love for them never ceased. He followed them out into life as if they were his children; he shared their joys and their sor-

rows. If the following extracts from letters he himself wrote to some of his workers seem too personal for the outside world, they are given, that those who knew and loved him in the Spring Street family, may share and renew the old sweet fellowship. A word of appreciation from him meant more than many words from others.

He relieved the doubt in the mind of one worker, who had been at Spring Street only a few months, and who was appalled by the bigness of the task, by sending at Christmas-time a card which read: "A more helpful associate I could not ask for. This is just to say I do appreciate all that you are doing—and so does Edith."

In a letter to a college girl who was working at Spring Street for the summer, who had courageously spoken at one of the large outdoor meetings, he wrote:

BRANTWOOD HALL,  
August 11th, 1911.

MY DEAR MISS HULL:

Ever since Sunday I have intended to tell you how much your out-door talk meant. Often I shall quote your very words, as I have even done already. Your earnest devotion has been an inspiration, just as your happy way of doing things has been refreshing to us all. You have meant much to our House family. If ever the time comes when you

would be willing to work in a Settlement (at starvation salary) just let me know.

Please tell each of the workers the door here stands wide open. Tell them to come up every day they can, and pull it to. The tennis court will be free and a room will be always ready.

I hope that some day we may be fellow-workers at Spring Street.

Mrs. Bates sends her warm love.

Believe me always,

Very sincerely yours,

H. ROSWELL BATES.

To another worker, who had just lost a father, he wrote, "Sorrow to me, in proportion to its greatness, has meant much. Never has Christ revealed Himself so personally or lovingly, as in the days when passing through the Valley of the Shadow. Out of great tribulation come strength, and bravery, and gentleness, and the peace which passeth understanding."

When his former workers sailed for the foreign field, Mr. Bates was always at the boat to see them off, his cheery voice strengthening and encouraging them in the hard moment of parting. The night before Mrs. Harlow and I left for Turkey he took me to his home. His prayer with his arm around me, as we knelt together, his last words of love and inspiration, had in them that deathless spirit of devo-

tion to duty which time cannot dim. If only ministers who have young workers in their churches would earnestly try, as he did, to mean something real in their lives, many a man and woman would go out to their life-work with more unswerving devotion to the cause of their Lord and Master.

What a great loving heart shines in these words from a steamer letter written to two of his workers:

DEAR, DEAR BELOVEDS:

I have tried to write, but I cannot. I have tried to be funny, but it is impossible. Your faces will always be with me though you are far away. My love, my heart, goes with you. My prayers, night and day, will follow you. You will always be tugging away at my best self and helping me.

Devotedly,  
HERB.

To this same young couple he wrote later, "You two dear kids; I wish I had you both in my arms this minute. I suppose if I had you both at once there could be no scandal about it. Yes, our friendship has been wonderful. You have known me at my worst, and have still believed in me and loved me, and that surely is a wonder."

To the little son of two of his former workers he wrote:

NEIGHBORHOOD-HOUSE FAMILY 89

244 Spring Street,  
April 12th, 1913.

DEAR JOHN:

So your father and mother think you are the equal of our small boy. Well, let them keep right on thinking so, but though you cannot begin to touch our boy, I know you are the dearest boy in Asia, and I know I love you half to death, though I haven't laid eyes on you. If you look like your father, I know you are very pretty, and I wonder if you have the dangling curls your father used to have when they called him 'the darling little boy.'

I put three slices of love in this letter, one for your mother, and one for your father, but the biggest is for you. I like to send love, for you don't have to pay duty on it, and when I know anyone as I do your father and mother, it is very easy to send it in bunches.

Devotedly,  
Your uncle,  
HERB.

In the years to come other workers will gather around the table in the Neighborhood-House dining-room, for the spirit which Roswell Bates revealed to Spring Street is not dependent upon the earthly presence of a man. It is the spirit of the ever-working, ever-living, ever-present Christ.





V  
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of  
the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for  
Thou art with me.*

—PSALM 23.

*Greater love hath no man than this, that  
a man lay down his life for his friends.*

—JOHN 15: 13.

## V

### FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

**T**HE story of Daisy Lopez is one which reveals Mr. Bates' insight into hidden values in the lives of those with whom he came in contact. Not only among men and women of university training did he see the capacity for growing into the image of his Lord and Master, but he saw those same values in lives shut in by walls of darkened attic rooms in tenements, or lives losing moral battles on the corners of the city streets. In this he was like the Master whom he served. The story of Daisy Lopez is not chosen because the transformation of her life from a little orphaned street waif into an earnest worker in the Christian Endeavor Society and Sunday School of Spring Street Church is any more wonderful as a testimony to the power of Christ, than many another story in connection with the personal work of Mr. Bates among the tenements of lower New York. This story is chosen because of the miraculous swiftness of her transformation, and because she bore

heroic witness to the steadfastness of her faith in a tragic death, when she might have chosen life instead of suffering and pain.

The first time that Roswell Bates saw Daisy Lopez, she was just a waif of the streets, with a soiled and tattered black dress clinging to her half-starved little form, a black shawl thrown over her head. There is always something appealing in the face of a child, especially if that child is dirty and hungry and motherless, with nothing but the streets for a playground and a bed in a dark corner of a tenement house to call "home." Daisy Lopez was just such a child when he first induced her to come to one of the clubs in the Neighborhood House. And then it came to pass that on cold winter nights at the close of the Sunday services in Spring Street Church, you would often find Daisy waiting at the door, her pathetic face looking up into the soft, kind eyes of Spring Street's pastor, and begging for a few pennies. At this time Daisy was working in a shirt-waist factory, toiling away for a few dollars a week.

The dawn of a new day broke across Daisy's life on the 30th of May, 1908. It was a holiday, and the young people of the church and Neighborhood House had been invited to spend the day at the house which Mr. Bates had secured at Rye, on Long Island Sound.

Daisy had accepted the invitation with a light in her eyes, and she happily said, "And I'll wear a white dress." The day was one long happy dream for her. She was clean, she wore a pretty white dress, she met young people of her own age, dressed neatly, with joyous faces. She was treated as one of their number, no longer an outcast on the street, for Mr. Bates not only gave her his own friendship but opened up to her other friendships to make paths of beauty through the desert of her soul. It was her conversion. She told Mr. Bates afterward that it was the turning point in her life.

Mr. Bates lived in those days on the top floor at the rear of the Neighborhood House, and his rooms overlooked a row of dirty rear tenements and their back-yards. Night after night he saw a light in one of those tenement windows. At times that light would burn till two in the morning; always till past midnight. Daisy Lopez lived there. Little by little, as her confidence in his friendship grew, Mr. Bates learned the story of her life, and why her light was still burning so late at night.

She had been born in London of an English mother and a Spanish father. Her mother had died when Daisy was hardly past her babyhood, and the family moved to Jamaica,

where they were living when the terrible earthquake shook that island to its foundations and took hundreds of lives. At that time, though only a mere child, Daisy was engaged to a young soldier in the forces stationed on the island. In the earthquake he was killed, as were many of her friends. Out of the wreck of the little they had, Daisy and her two sisters came to New York, where her sisters married. Left alone, without mother or father, she was starving for love. The real transformation in her that day at Rye had not been one of clothes and cleaner face. These were but the outward signs of an inner awakening of spirit and soul. Not that she had been conscious that day of any great longing for God's friendship. Rather it must have been a craving for human companionship such as she had never fully known. Around her was sunshine, happiness, life. Behind her was darkness, loneliness, stagnation. Instinctively her spirit cried out to enter into this new radiance, to it she reached out her arms, and in it she found God. It was this spiritual transformation which caused the light to burn in her window at midnight.

She told Mr. Bates how she spent her day. At six she rose and cooked her breakfast in the little attic room under the old roof. She

prepared a cold lunch and hurried to the factory, where she worked from seven in the morning till six at night. She went home, and after supper left again for night school. After returning from school late, she sat at the old table under the dim light of an oil lamp, working away till after midnight, in order to prepare her lessons for the next day. She was doing this that she might prepare herself for greater efficiency in the service of others, for by that time she had come into the fellowship of the church and had caught its vision.

To bring men and women to Christ and not to himself was the burning passion of Mr. Bates. He was not one of those who, for the sake of popularity, would slide into the subtle treason of seeking honors which should be given to his Lord. To him it was a coronation day when those, whom he had won through long and desperate conflict with the forces of evil, knelt at the altar of the Spring Street Church and made glad confession of their new-found faith in Christ.

The winter after Daisy was received into the church, there was organized for the children of the neighborhood an afternoon Sunday School, of which she became an enthusiastic teacher. Many of the children were Italians; hatless, ill-fed,—waifs of the street,

as Daisy had been, but her own class was composed of fourteen bright girls from better homes, and her devotion to these girls was remarkable. Several of her class later united with the church.

Daisy still worked at the shirt-waist factory, but she had risen, step by step, till she had become the forewoman on her floor. She had moved from the old tenement to a boarding-house. She was active in the Saturday Evening Literary Club at the Neighborhood House and was an officer in the Christian Endeavor Society. One feature of the society at that time, which was Mr. Bates' own idea, was the social hour and supper at the close of the Christian Endeavor meeting on Sunday evenings. Many of the young people of the neighborhood had no place they could really call "home," and this gathering in the cozy club-rooms of the Neighborhood House was an hour looked forward to by all. Many of them never forgot those happy evenings. It did not matter how tired he was, Mr. Bates was always the center of a happy group, as they sat eating sandwiches or drinking cocoa. The refinement, the versatility, the wholesomeness, the humor, yet the reverence of his conversation, held these young people in a charmed circle.



Several of that group have married since and founded Christian homes. What a depth of loving foresight there was in Mr. Bates, in giving to them such an atmosphere and such surroundings in which to form the great abiding relationships of their lives. And it was as a member of this circle that Daisy entered into a happy chapter of her life, a chapter which filled her with radiant joy. To her there came the love of a noble, pure-hearted man. He had come from Switzerland to study the lace industry in America, that his knowledge might help him when he returned to the firm which sent him out. He boarded in the neighborhood, he came to Spring Street. In that last winter of her earthly life, Daisy promised to become the wife of this young man. They were quietly married in the Spring Street Church, in January of 1911. Two weeks later the husband sailed away to join his firm in Switzerland, and in the early summer, when the little home would be ready, Daisy was to follow.

It is not necessary here to go over the story of the awful fire which swept in a few minutes through the three upper stories of the 'Asch Building, where, out of the furnace of flame, girls leaped to death on the pavements

below, or fought wildly and vainly to tear open doors which had been locked.

When Mr. Bates heard of the fire, knowing that Daisy was the forewoman on the ninth floor of that building, he made every effort to discover whether or not she was safe. Soon a telephone message came saying that she was in the hospital.

Sunday, the 26th of March, 1911, was a sad day for the city of New York. Over one hundred girls lay dead or dying, as a result of the terrible calamity of the previous day. The story of the closing hours of this young woman, who was so near and dear to all at Spring Street, is taken for the most part from her own lips, as she related it to Mr. Bates.

When he entered the room in the hospital where Daisy lay, the screams and moans of other suffering girls filled the air. Daisy was quiet, her lips moving in silent prayer. The doctor and several nurses told Mr. Bates that they had never seen such faith as this young girl's, in the midst of pain and in the face of death. Her body was a helpless wreck, but she was saying over and over, "My Father, oh, my Heavenly Father." Soon she recognized her pastor, and immediately asked, "Were there many girls hurt? Oh, I am so afraid there were." And then she began praying for

the girls who had been hurt in the fire, for the families who had lost loved ones, for the church, and for her husband. Sweetly and clearly, after her prayer, she repeated, so that the whole ward listened, those beautiful words of the Twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want . . . Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

And then she began to talk a little of herself. "I should love to live," she said. "I should love to make a home for Henry, but God knows best. Tell my husband that I have been true to him. Tell them at the church that I am abiding under the shadow of His wings."

Little by little the story of that last scene in the factory came out. The fire started a few minutes before the bell was to ring for closing. Daisy was putting her things away when the cry of "fire" rang through the hall below. She was near the elevator and could have been one of the first to go down, but she was forewoman, and, looking into her room, the sight of the panic-stricken girls amid the smoke and flame, now gathering headway at terrific speed, seemed to call her back as the Voice of God. Back into the room she went, and springing upon a table called to the girls

to keep calm, while she struggled over to the fire-escape. There the girls were fighting and in terror. Pushing them back with almost superhuman force, making them go one at a time, she counted forty girls pass her to safety. Then the flames swept across and all she could do was to jump for the fire-nets, nine stories below. The net saved her from instant death.

On Monday afternoon a member of the Spring Street choir went over to the hospital to sing to her. But she was beyond the hearing of earthly music, for she had passed from the pain and mystery of earth to her Heavenly Home.

No service in honor of beloved dead was ever more impressive nor more filled with the note of victory than that in honor of Daisy. As the choir girls, some of the members of Daisy's own Sunday School class, came up the aisle singing, each laid an Easter lily on the casket, and once more the pastor of Spring Street Church committed unto God a jewel for the King's crown.

VI  
HIS WORK IN THE SCHOOLS  
AND COLLEGES

*God give us men. The time demands  
strong minds, great hearts, true faith and  
willing hands.*

—HOLLAND.

## VI

### HIS WORK IN THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

**T**HIS is an age of hero-worship in the schools and colleges of America. The great athletic contests now conducted on such a large scale, the natural love for the hero inborn in the heart of youth, but more than these, the growing idealism in our school and college life, have been the influences which have brought this to pass. It is no longer the man who makes the fifty-yard run for a touch-down, nor the man who can stroke a winning crew, who is most admired by his fellow-students. He must be more than a good ground-gainer, more than a man of mighty muscles, if he is to be truly a leader of men. The statue on the Princeton campus bears witness to this growth in the requirements of the college hero. On the face of that student there is not only the stamp of the athlete, there is also the light of intellectual power and of spiritual aspiration. Probably no other force in our American college life of the past two decades has so much

helped to put this spiritual earnestness into the requirements of student leadership, as the Young Men's Christian Association. And one of the most potent methods used by the Association to accomplish this, has been that of bringing to the colleges and placing before college students, men worthy to be hailed as heroes in the truest sense, men who are out on the battle-line against vice and corruption wherever the enemy is pressing hard.

Of the men who have stood before such student audiences, with the appeal of strong lives back of their message, no man in the past ten years entered more deeply and wholeheartedly into the life of the schools and colleges than did Mr. Bates, and to none did the students give greater loyalty. He came from Spring Street and stood before them, a young man not long out of his own college days. After they had looked into his face and heard his story, they said, "Here is a *man*." And when a college man says that, there is not much higher praise that he can give.

In the words of Mr. Robert E. Speer, "Mr. Bates was one of the most influential Christian personalities working among our Eastern students. He knew very well their type of mind and attitude toward life, and combined the spirit of playfulness and the spirit of ear-



ness in a way that enabled him to meet the students on their own ground, and to deal with them as one who could distinguish between their follies and their earnest questionings. He came to be a very effective speaker, all the more so because when he began to speak it was not easy for him. He was ready to make any sacrifice of personal comfort, or interest, or time, in order to reach human lives, and was always on the watch for hopeful men who might be drawn on into Christian service. Such men he would work with personally, winning their friendship, and bringing them on to his church in New York City, to show them what a place there was for them, and how sure they might be, in spite of any sense of disqualification, that God could use them, if they would give themselves to Him. Mr. Bates' supreme interest was the deeply religious interest. Students felt that his touch on life was broad and sure, but they knew, also, that his one concern was for the things that are deep and that abide."

It was soon after he had taken up his work in New York that the great colleges of the country threw open their doors to this young minister. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, Williams, Pennsylvania State, Michigan, Toronto,

Queens, Smith and Bryn Mawr, were among the colleges which listened to his burning message. Through the preparatory schools he passed as a flame of fire. The boys of the Hill School, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Mercersburg, and others, eagerly vowed allegiance to anything Roswell Bates had to say. It was simply because Roswell Bates had a capacity for friendship, which few men who came to the colleges possessed, a gift rarely to be found and earnestly to be coveted. Some one has said of him: "Probably the greatest good that Roswell Bates ever wrought was not in bringing cheer to lonely hearts and helping to relieve penury in tenements, but in gathering around him, even as the Master of old, a band of young disciples, to whom he committed as unto faithful witnesses the Gospel of the living Christ."

A concrete illustration of this capacity for winning college men to himself is given in that which took place on a North Atlantic liner while he was returning from one of his foreign trips. It was on the "Princess Irene," bound for New York. When the ship sailed, Mr. Bates noticed a group of particularly lively college boys among the passengers. To his amusement, one of the group came up behind him and slapping him familiarly on the

shoulder, said: "Say, old chap, we've got seven in our crowd and there are eight seats at our table. We don't want some old duffer stuck in with us; we're out for a good time and you look as if you were our kind all right. Won't you take the extra seat?" Mr. Bates eagerly accepted this informal invitation, and found himself at dinner with a rollicking lot of fellows intent on getting all the fun possible out of the trip. During the meal they poked fun at many of the other passengers, and at last some one spoke up and said: "And, say, fellows, who do you suppose this man Batts is, the Reverend Batts?" The crowd looked at the passenger list and then proceeded to pick out which of the passengers was the "Reverend Batts." The search was highly interesting, but unsuccessful as to conclusions, much to Mr. Bates' delight, though he had eagerly joined in the search for the "Reverend Batts." At the close of the dinner, just as the men were rising to leave, Mr. Bates remarked: "Well, this is too bad, all you fellows look so bright and yet couldn't find the Reverend Batts. Now I discovered him." And then he introduced himself, saying, "But I spell my name with an *e* and pronounce it *Bates*."

He won the hearts of the fellows at once,

and throughout the trip led them in games and sports till they felt that they had been friends for years. And with some of them he had found time and fitting opportunity for personal talks. On one of the last days of the happy trip one of the men came up to him and asked him to come to his cabin alone. There in the cabin he told his new friend of the blow which had just come to him. 'A cable had summoned him home to take his father's place in a large business concern and to be his mother's stay, for the father had died very suddenly. Shrinking from the new responsibilities, the boyish heart had sought relief in the merriment of the crowd. But in Mr. Bates' friendship he had found a new challenge to lay hold upon life, and to get a new grip on himself. 'And Mr. Bates was able to help him enter into his business career with the love of God to inspire him as he took up the new responsibilities from which he had shrunk.

He could make a student feel that he was his most intimate friend in that college, and he could mean it, too. There was no cant about him. College men abhor hypocrisy of any kind, and most of all in a minister. Mr. Bates' life shone clear and true. He never made men feel that he was preaching "at"

them, but somehow he had a way of making a man whose life was full of meanness feel terribly upset.

However, it was not so much in his big meetings, powerful as he was as a platform speaker, but it was in small groups that he was at his best. Once at Yale Mr. Bates had spoken in the large meeting, and one of his student friends had invited him to a fraternity house for the evening, "to get in touch with a small group of the fellows." He was new at Yale then and they had not "sized him up," so after the dinner one after another of the fellows came up and asked to be excused for the evening. But before the crowd had broken up they were sitting for a few minutes around an open fire. Mr. Bates felt that his opportunity had come. No man was more constantly on the alert for such moments than he. He began a conversation. The men forgot their excuses and no longer felt that their engagements were pressing. Mr. Bates drifted from one subject to another while the group listened spellbound. Looking down at his friend seated on the floor beside him, Mr. Bates saw that his head was bowed and knew that he was praying for him. Then, in a stillness that was unbroken, save by his strong, tender pleading, he began to present

to those fellows the claims of Christ. Some men, great and Christian men, would not have pressed such claims that night in that fraternity group. But he could do it, and do it in such a way that men stayed and listened and went away to think and to make decisions. When Mr. Bates' voice ceased speaking, a fine big freshman detached himself from the group, and coming over to him, gripped his hand and said with intense earnestness, "Mr. Bates, I want to stand for those things here at Yale." That freshman became the greatest athlete Yale has had in ten years, and he stood in the life of the college for the things he said he would stand for that evening in the fraternity house.

A letter from President Garfield, of Williams, gives a glimpse into the way in which Mr. Bates used most of his time when spending Sunday at a college. "It was my misfortune not to know Mr. Bates until the time when he came here to preach, and, as you know, the several Sundays afforded little opportunity for the development of the kind of thing that would most suitably go into a biography. This was more particularly true in Mr. Bates' case because of the way in which he devoted himself to the students during his visits. He was greatly liked and eagerly sought.

On the occasion of each of his visits he was detained by the men long after the adjournment of the evening meeting, and on at least two occasions students came to the house with him, staying late into the night in conferences evidently very personal in their nature. He drew college men to him in a remarkable way."

How easily he might have spent those evenings in the restful yet stimulating atmosphere of the president's home, with a clear conscience, after a hard day's work with the college preaching services. But while a single student needed his help or his friendly counsel, he was at the command of the students. The sad moral defeats in the lives of men who should have been conquerors were to him burdens to be borne in anguish, and the desire to help these college boys overcome their battles forced him into their soul struggles as if the conflict were his own. He was a man who wrestled with God for the souls of men.

The same testimony comes from Dr. Harris, the former president of Amherst, who writes: "While I was president of Amherst College, Mr. Bates came every year to preach in the college chapel. No one was more heartily welcome than he. When he spoke at the

Christian Association meeting the room was always packed. He would tell of his work in New York, or the temptations of young men, or the opportunities for service in a great city. In the afternoon and in the evening after the service he visited the fraternity houses and the dormitories, where groups of students gathered around him in eager questioning. It would be midnight before he returned to my house, tired and happy. He was an eager, aspiring, devoted soul, with a wonderful enthusiasm, and, withal, a fine sense of humor."

President Hyde, of Bowdoin, said of his visits among their college community: "He was one of the most Christlike spirits I have ever known. We shall miss him sorely as college preacher."

'At the University of Pennsylvania, where they were undertaking social work with a splendidly equipped university settlement, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas Evans, Mr. Bates was called in as adviser, and for some winters he made regular trips to Philadelphia, when he not only preached to the college students, but spent much time in going over the work of the settlement.

Each year Mr. Bates spent two weeks in Canada, speaking in the colleges and giving a course of lectures at Knox College, Toronto



University. President Gandier says of his work there: "Having visited us five years in succession, Mr. Bates' practical talks to students and professors had become a regular feature of our college life. No man ever came to Knox who was more warmly welcomed, or made a deeper impression, and I know of no other man who could have returned year after year as Roswell Bates did, to talk upon the same general theme, without growing stale. His sympathy, the simplicity and sincerity of his nature, the way in which he gave of his best to all to whom he talked, made him equally attractive and equally compelling whether among college students or in a Gospel-tent service in lower New York. He combined the mysticism of the mediæval saint and the organizing ability of the modern business man. No life-work can be measured by years, and it is doubtful if four-score years of careful, wisely modulated effort could have touched half as many lives, or set in motion one tithe as many spiritual forces, as the two-score years in which Roswell Bates recklessly poured out his life's blood for God and man. We, who, with all care and forethought and wise adaptation, plan for ourselves noble, well-regulated careers in life, occasionally need a spirit and life such as Roswell Bates to shake

us out of our carefully planned but stilted, conventional professionalism.”

At his old seminary Mr. Bates was always a welcome speaker. In a letter from President Stewart, of Auburn, the following incident is related: “I distinctly recall the time he addressed the seminary during our Commencement, when he gave as the missionary address an account of his work at Spring Street. He held for an hour the audience that crowded our chapel, many of whom were former fellow-townsmen and schoolmates. The address had a profound effect.”

To Mr. Bates' power in the young women's colleges, Dr. Burton, of Smith, bears testimony: “Mr. Bates was one of the few men who gripped powerfully our entire student body and whom we loved to have at Smith College.” The Instructor in Athletics at Bryn Mawr writes: “What Bryn Mawr will do without him I cannot think. He always lifted us out of the slough of selfishness, and his spirit seemed to dwell with us and keep us up to the mark all the rest of the year. His work and influence can never die out, but will live on among us forever.”

This chapter would be incomplete were there no testimonies from the preparatory schools, for Mr. Bates enjoyed his work among the

boys of the preparatory schools as much as any service he rendered. His love for them and their love for him took visible form when the Hill School boys gave the gymnasium to Spring Street.

Two of the friendships that he prized most were with Dr. John Meigs, of beloved memory to every Hill School boy, and with Mrs. Meigs. At the time of Dr. Meigs' death, his letter to Mrs. Meigs shows his capacity for entering into the heart experience of another.

DEAR MRS. JOHN:

This is to tell you that during these Christmas days we are helping you, by the spaceless, timeless, invincible ministry of prayer. What a wonderful Christmas this is for him with his Christ.

Of Roswell Bates' life and influence among the Hill School boys, Mrs. John Meigs says, "In reviewing the life of a man like Roswell Bates, one is often led to ask what was the secret of his influence? It is not found in the breadth of his mind, nor the devotion of his spirit, nor even in the strength of his character, for long before these qualities were recognized, one felt the charm of his individuality and yielded to its spell. The secret of Roswell Bates' influence lay in the fact that the qualities of his mind, the earnestness of his

spirit and the fineness of his character, were all permeated with the power of personal magnetism, and that power, which drew high and low, rich and poor, old and young, to him, was used to lift up Him who said—'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me.' A man with all the qualities that made Roswell Bates good and strong, without his personal magnetism, or a man with it, but lacking his consecrated spirit, could never have had the uplifting influence he exerted on all who came into intimate relationship with him. It was the combination and consecration of all these forces that explained his power of leadership and his largeness of influence."

From the Hotchkiss School, Dr. Buehler sends this glowing tribute: "Long before I met Mr. Bates, a number of people told me that I ought to try to get him up to Hotchkiss to speak to the boys, because he was the 'right kind.' I first met him at one of the student conferences at Northfield, and asked him if he would come. He instantly replied, 'I would love to.'

"As a guest in our home at Lakeville, Roswell was always perfectly charming, and Mrs. Buehler and I always looked forward eagerly to his coming, found delight in his presence, and felt sorry to see him go. He was the soul

of every company that he was in, always bright, hearty, witty, buoyant, entertaining and uplifting. Mrs. Buehler and I loved him dearly, and so did every other Hotchkiss person who knew him.

“As a preacher to young men he was one of the best—fluent, direct, pointed, lucid, sincere, convincing, uplifting, memorable—These are the adjectives that come to my mind when I think of his preaching in the Hotchkiss Chapel.

“Three special pictures of Roswell at Hotchkiss will always stand out in my memory:

“The first was on the occasion of his first visit to the school. The boys were completely captivated by his morning sermon, and many of them eagerly seized the opportunity offered to come over to my house and talk to him after dinner. He sat in our green-room with a score of boys around him, and held them like charmed birds while he chatted with them, telling them about his experience, his failures, his views of life and its combination of humor and tragedy.

“The second special picture in my memory is of how he arrived at my house from New York one wintry Saturday night. He had just thrown off his overcoat and was about to sit down to a good, warm supper, which was waiting for him, when some of the boys

stopped at the house to see me on their way to the Ore Hill Club, which they established and conducted for the benefit of the sons of the miners at Ore Hill. After hearing part of my talk with the boys he requested more information, and immediately said he would like to go with the boys. When his attention was drawn to the waiting supper, he said he wasn't hungry and would much rather go to Ore Hill, which he did, coming back with the boys about ten o'clock, glowing, happy and enthusiastic, having given them all a wonderful evening.

"The last special picture in my memory was on the occasion of his last visit to Hotchkiss. After two splendid sermons, he asked me to say to the boys that if any of them cared to come over to see him in the evening he would tell them some stories. I think 150 boys eagerly accepted the invitation and streamed over to my house after supper. I thought they would never cease coming, and wondered where we should put them. It was clear that the only boys who did not come were those who could not. The large Headmaster's study was crowded to its capacity. Roswell stood at one end with his back to the fireplace while the boys sat around in every conceivable attitude. They sat or lay on the floor. They

sat on the backs of the davenports. They sat on each other's laps. They stood along the wall. It was a most interesting and beautiful sight, as for more than an hour he told them stories of New York City life.

"Roswell was a rare spirit. His unselfishness was complete, and he made others feel the joy of it. Jesus Christ was very real and dear to him, and he made others feel His beauty and nobility."

Mrs. Irvine, the wife of Dr. Irvine, of Mercersburg, tells for us a beautiful little story related to the boys on one of his visits there. "He told us a story of a little flower in Sweden which in their language is called 'Love-me-up,' because if you scratch the snow away from its roots in the early spring before the thaws come to melt it away, the sun will love it up into bloom. Thus, he said, we must warm frozen hearts by our love until we have loved them up to God. That was the way he did himself, and our boys—you know we have 400 of them—hung on his words. They could hardly wait for him to come again. His sermon on 'Surrender' was one of the best I have ever heard for boys."

There are a multitude of tributes which might be added to this gleaning. All of them reveal the versatility, the power, the faith, the

love, in the life of this winner of souls. May the college men and the boys of the schools who listened to his message prove loyal to the trust committed unto their charge.



VII  
THE COLLEGE CONFERENCES

*Oh dear and lovely Northfield,  
What memories round thee cling,  
For here the Lord hath taught us  
A new, glad song to sing.*

—NORTHFIELD HYMN.

## VII

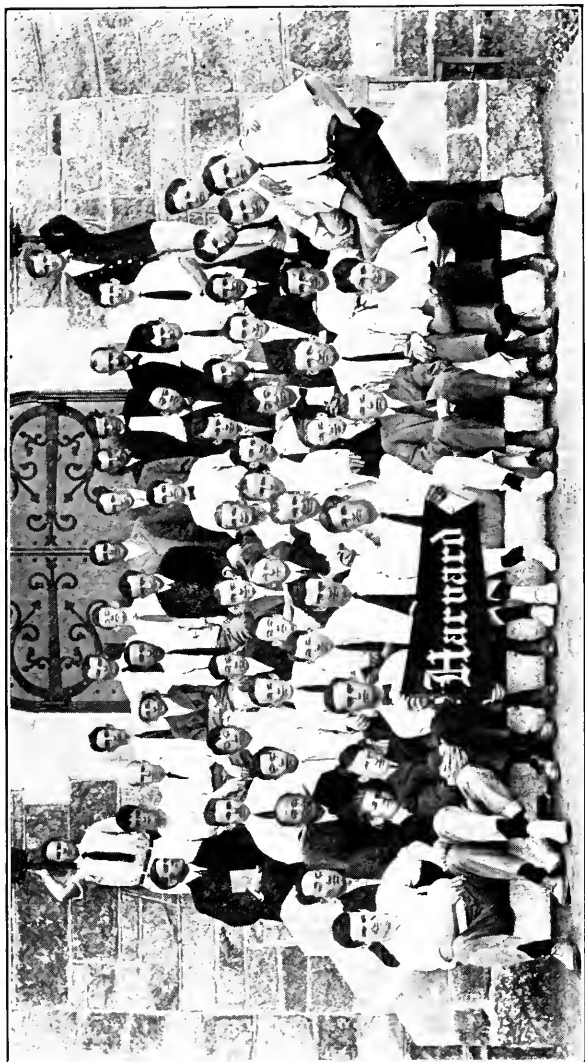
### THE COLLEGE CONFERENCES

**T**O speak of Roswell Bates' work among the schools and colleges without giving some insight into his influence upon students, with whom he came in contact at the Summer Conferences, would be to tell but half the story of his winsome power over such men. On the banks of the Connecticut, at Northfield, by the lake at Eaglesmere, or at Winona, his presence among the students helped many a storm-tossed, doubting soul to find the Father's waiting arms of love. As in his visits to the colleges, his most helpful work was not done through the addresses from the public platform, but in intimate talks with small groups, and above all in his constant personal work during the Conference days. Few men at the Northfield student gatherings did as much self-sacrificing personal work as did Mr. Bates.

His class, which met morning by morning to discuss the problems of the city, was always the largest of the Mission study groups. Many

a college boy went out from that group with a new vision of what a man's life ought to mean to a world where sin and vice are waging relentless warfare against the forces of purity and holiness.

To many men who went to Northfield during the past decade, one of the most outstanding memories of those Conference days must be a picture of Herb Bates coming across the campus dressed in immaculate white flannels, with tie and socks of the latest fashion, a white shirt starched just enough, a hat with the stamp on the inside that you knew read "Real Panama," with a dozen or more fellows in his devoted train, his arms around as many as he could get within his reach. To see Herb Bates walk half a mile on Northfield soil without a group of students at his heels was indeed an unusual sight. It is not out of place here to speak of his care in dress. This man, who in his settlement work at the Sea and Land often wore clothes full of patches, shoes that had paper in them to stop up the holes, and strings where shoe laces should have been, because he believed that he could get nearer the hearts of the poor in the neighborhood by this method, who would have made a wonderful ascetic monk had he lived in the middle ages, felt in his later work that his hold upon men was



A Northfield Conference Group



stronger if he took pains to dress well. To him it became a religious duty. He selected his ties before going to the Conferences with as much care as he chose the illustrations for his talks. More than one college man has written since his death that the first thing that attracted him to Mr. Bates was his care in dress. There was much truth in the following lines sung on the Conference platform one "stunt night" when the Conference leaders were being taken off by a group of students:

*"Here's to Herbert Roswell Bates,  
His socks and ties are always mates,  
His Panamas and flannels white,  
Attract the students left and right."*

As Herb said to some of us who knew him well, "Do you know I should just *love* to have been a sport." How well I remember his calling me into his room on more than one occasion just before he was leaving for some college, and saying, with just the slightest twinkle in his eyes, which we saw so often and always loved to see, "Now, honestly, Ralph, which of these two ties is the more stunning?" And then he would pull out a drawer and there the two ties would be laid out side by side; "stunning" they invariably were. What heated discussions we used to have in the Annex there at Spring Street as to whether a blue tie and black socks

were more stylish than the same tie with blue socks. Herb rather leaned to the blue ones. But if a man can be said to dedicate his clothes to the service of God, without seeming too pious, this can be said of Roswell Bates. His sole aim, his constant prayer, throughout the Conference days, and during long weeks preceding them, was that he might be used, and used mightily, of God among the students. To lay hold of men and lead them to Christ was always and everywhere his burning passion. With him it was no faintly flickering flame; it was a consuming fire possessing every fiber of his being. At the close of the last Conference he ever attended at Northfield, the summer before his death, he wrote to Mr. Mott:

THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE,  
244 Spring Street,  
July 12th, 1912.

MY DEAR MR. MOTT:

I have sent to Mr. McMillan a list of 53 names of men, to whom I have asked him to send the two little booklets concerning which you spoke to me. It will be a gratification to you to know that between 10.30 and 12.45, after the last Round Top Meeting, 50 men came to me from the after-meeting for interviews. The results at Northfield this year seemed to indicate that in the past we have failed to realize how many attend the conference who are not Christians. As nearly as I can make out, 175 men accepted Christ at Northfield this year, many of whom did not even pretend to be believers. I believe these men are



dead in earnest and that 150 of them will not only remain firm in the Faith but will live lives worthy of the name of the Savior. I have taken great pains in making this estimate and believe you can count upon it as being a fair conclusion.

Thank you heartily for your friendship and for letting me have a small part in the work at Northfield, and please give my warmest regards to John.

Very cordially yours,  
H. ROSWELL BATES.

In reply to this letter, Mr. Mott wrote:

ENTRELAC P. O.  
Prov. of Quebec, Canada,  
July 27th, 1912.

DEAR BATES:

Your most kind letter of July 12th has been forwarded to me in the woods of Canada. I rejoice and thank God with you over the wonderful results accomplished at Northfield, largely due to faithful personal work. In this friendly ministry God used you in a more signal way than any other person. It has been upon my mind and heart to write you a special letter expressing my own deep appreciation of the unselfish and devoted way in which you placed yourself at the disposal of men in need. It was a splendid example of Christlike service. In some ways I am inclined to think that your ten days' service at Northfield has been the most productive piece of Christian work which has come to my attention in recent years. May God enable us to associate our efforts many years in this blessed service.

With best wishes,

Very cordially yours,  
JOHN R. MOTT.

The following incident is an example of the unselfish efforts Mr. Bates put forth to win a man to Christ. At that last conference at Northfield he was especially praying for a young Harvard man. The Conference drew to a close, and still the man had taken no definite stand. On the morning of the last day, Mr. Bates awoke early and could not sleep for the thought of that man who was still undecided. Rising an hour or two before breakfast, he went to the man's room, wakened him, and pressed upon him the appeal of Christ. Far from being offended by this intrusion, the man's heart was touched that Mr. Bates should care so much, and at breakfast Mr. Bates was overflowing with joy because the man had promised that very day to declare openly his allegiance to Jesus Christ. It was one of the most inspiring things of that Conference to hear this young man stand up before a crowd of his fellow-students, gathered for a final Bible Study Conference later that morning, and frankly make his confession of loyalty to Christ.

At the Conferences another side of Roswell's magnetic personality had full play, his gift for fun-making. Few men possessed such an overflowing supply of humor. As all those who have attended the Summer Conferences for stu-

dents, know, one night is called "stunt night." All the pent-up spirit of youth runs riot then, and yet has none of the features which have often marred and stained college men, and brought disgrace upon institutions, at the close of a triumphant football contest, or the culmination of a successful season. At Northfield the fun and humor go hand in hand with reverence for body and spirit. And Herb Bates was the centre of the fun. It is hard to think of "stunt night" at Northfield without him, figuring as an Indian, in all the war-paint and feathers, or dressed as an old Irish woman, with shawl, bonnet and umbrella.

Dr. Buehler, of the Hotchkiss School, tells his impression of one of these occasions: "At the Conference I was deeply interested in seeing Roswell's sympathy and adaptability and capacity for friendship. At the Fourth-of-July celebration he dressed up as an African chief and delighted the entire audience with his amusing antics. I found it hard to believe that the ludicrous figure on the platform was the spiritual and serious-minded Roswell Bates. As I left the auditorium that evening I overheard a young girl say, 'Isn't it fine that they can have such a good time and be such good Christians.'" Herb taught a lot of men that fact—that a man can be an earnest disciple of

Christ and at the same time have the best sort of fun in life.

One incident which stands out fresh in memory occurred during the Conference for the Middle Atlantic States held at Eaglesmere, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1911. It was my privilege to room with Mr. Bates. One day I unfolded the plans of the Columbia crowd for "stunt night," for they had asked me to take charge of their "stunt." Herb went into raptures over it. I think we liked to take everything to him because he was always so enthusiastic. The "stunt" was this: A huge tank filled with water was placed on the platform with a board over the top. This board was so arranged that any one who sat on it could be dumped headfirst into the tank up to his heels, when the man behind the curtain loosened the rope which kept the board in place. On this board we were to put a Freshman dressed in fantastic style and blackened like a negro. Over his head was a small hole. At the proper time I was to appear as a fakir at a side show and offer "three shots for a nickel." Behind the hole was a tin can. When this was struck the poor lad on the board was to get a ducking to the overwhelming joy of the applauding students. The proceeds of the show, it had been advertised far and wide, were to

be handed over to the Chairman of the Conference and his bride, to defray the expenses of their recent honeymoon. When the event was "pulled off" the young husband was offered the first three shots free of charge. Amid the intense excitement which followed, Herb sidled up to me and whispered that he was "game" to sit on that board.

After the Freshman had been soused amid thunderous applause, it was announced that a great example of self-sacrifice was needed. "Who would volunteer to take the Freshman's place to help out the poor young couple?" Of course I knew that Herb would offer himself. As he started toward the platform, Luke Miller of Princeton started forward at the same time. Herb won the race and took his place on the board. There he sat in his neatly pressed white flannels, his silk hose, his immaculate shirt and tie, with a rapturous grin on his face. Missionaries from India and China disgraced themselves, as they fought with Y. M. C. A. leaders and college athletes to get first throw. So great was the excitement by this time that most of the audience were standing on the chairs. Sam Higgenbottom, an old Princeton baseball player, now doing marvelous work among the lepers of India, paid for six throws and missed them all. Herb sat there smiling.

Man after man grew red in the face trying to hit that elusive little hole. At last Tom Evans of Pennsylvania stepped up. It was plain that he "had it in" for Herb. Herb had "bossed" him down at the settlement in Philadelphia, and now his turn had come. Tom remarked that something was going to happen, and it did. A ring as the ball struck the tin, a splash, silk socks in the air, and such a blubbering as you never did hear, while the crowd went wild. That night, after the last bonfire had died out, the members of the Columbia delegation were still shouting, "What's the matter with Mr. Bates? He's ALL RIGHT. Who's all right? MR. BATES!" And when Mr. Bates stood before that college crowd and drove home one of the closing messages of the Conference, some of us knew, as he did himself, that men listened a little more intently to his appeal.

Northfield and Eaglesmere will continue, but the face of Roswell Bates will be sorely missed by many a man who returns to live the old days over, the days when in the peaceful valley of the Connecticut, or by the lake among the hills, he found his Lord because another man had yearned for his soul. That man has now gone on to the service where he sees face to face the Master of his life, the Great Captain of his fight.

VIII  
FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

*Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light,  
Jesus, I come to Thee;—  
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,  
Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,  
Out of distress to jubilant psalm,  
Jesus I come to Thee.*

—SLEEPER.



## VIII

### FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT

ONE morning Roswell Bates received a note in the mail which read very strangely. It was on delicate note-paper and was from a woman. It said that the writer was in great trouble, but she believed that he might be willing and able to help her. If he was willing to help the unhappiest woman in the world he was to take an afternoon train for a certain suburb of the city and he would find her at the station.

Not knowing what the note might mean, Mr. Bates took the train mentioned, sure that if the writer was sincere it was his duty to respond to this call for help from a soul in darkness. The station of that little New York suburb was practically deserted when he stepped off the train, but a man dressed in the livery of a coachman approached him and asked if he were Mr. Bates. He was then taken to the other side of the station, where a high phaeton was waiting. On the seat sat a woman dressed in black, and heavily veiled. Telling

the coachman that he might go, she asked Mr. Bates to take the seat beside her, and they started on their strange ride. He was unable to see the woman's face because of the heavy veil, though she turned occasionally and looked at him. Not a word passed between them for some time. The woman drove the horses skilfully through woods and past meadows, by beautiful country villas, but there was no sign of reaching a destination nor of her opening a conversation. All of Mr. Bates' attempts proved failures. Finally, he suggested that it was time to return. The woman started, and said, "Oh, yes!" and turned the horses back towards the station. Soon they approached a magnificent residence which told of wealth and luxury. The woman turned the horses into the driveway and drew them up in front of the door. Being asked to enter, Mr. Bates found himself in a beautiful home. The woman ordered the servants to bring tea. She hardly spoke a word all this time, and immediately afterwards drove Mr. Bates to the station, where he caught the train for New York. He had been amazed at this experience and thought that possibly some one had played a joke on him, though he was unable to fathom the mystery. He himself had acted in good faith.

More light, however, was thrown upon the

situation the next day when the postman brought another letter in the same handwriting. The letter asked that the writer be forgiven for her silence of the preceding day, stating that she had thought Mr. Bates was a man of middle age, but that when she had seen him as a young man she had felt that it was impossible to open her heart with all its painful secrets to him. Upon further thought she had again decided to ask his help, and if he would be at home that afternoon she would call.

That afternoon the young woman came to see him. Her face told him that she was in deep distress, and that her sorrow had in it an element of utter hopelessness. And then she told him her story. The story of this college girl is only one of the multitude that he listened to with tender comprehension and carried on his heart till he had helped to lift the burden from the bearer, or brought light into the darkness of the soul in need.

Her family had been wealthy as long as she could remember. Money had been at her command since her baby days to do with as she had pleased, and the best that art and music and travel could bring to her had been laid at her feet. She had been graduated recently from one of the best colleges in the East and

then had gone to Germany, where she had friends who were people of influence and power. She had been received by the Emperor at court.

And then a terrible awakening had come to her soul. A cablegram called her home to the bedside of her dying father. She reached America in time for the funeral. In the carriage with her on returning from the cemetery were her mother and brother. Her brother and she had been chums from childhood. With the exception of the young society man to whom she was engaged, her brother was the one person in the world she really loved. He was then a student in college. Before leaving the carriage he told them that drink was sending him to ruin, that so close a hold did the terrible habit have upon him that he was already literally a drunkard, and that he had resolved that from the day of the funeral they should never set eyes upon him again. He kept his word. He disappeared, and no trace of him had ever been discovered.

When the husband's and father's will was read, and when the estate was gone over, the mother and daughter found that their entire fortune had been swept away through stock gambling. Between mother and daughter there was little sympathy. And then there

came a letter from the man to whom she was betrothed. It was a short, sad revelation. He stated that owing to the fact that her fortune had been swept away, his own income was too small to support them both in the way she would need to live, and so he asked to be released. Money, not love, had held him to her. But more tragic than all of these bitter trials was the fact that from her earliest childhood she had been brought up not only without religious faith, but trained to scorn all belief in spiritual realities. She was now as one "without hope and without God." She closed her heartrending story with, "I am the most unhappy woman in the world. I would gladly take my life, but I am too great a coward. Is there anything you can do for me?"

It is of interest to know that this young woman had originally heard of Mr. Bates through a relative of his who had spent a previous summer at a fashionable resort. There the girl had heard the story of his wonderful work among the poor of lower New York at the Church of the Sea and Land. The story had deeply impressed her. It was a life of which she had no experience, and in her hour of need, the story of this young minister and his faith returned to her as a possible

ray of hope in her darkness. It was thus that she had come to Mr. Bates with her appeal.

He won her at once by his understanding sympathy and his sincere desire to help. He told her, as he always tried to tell those in trouble, that there was One, and only One, to whom she might turn, and that was Christ. He asked her to read her New Testament. She replied that during her college course she had studied the New Testament in Greek in order to prove the fallacy of all Christian claims, but she was willing to do anything Mr. Bates asked of her. He told her to read each day a few verses from the Gospel of John, and to try to believe the reality and the truth of what she read. He then gave her a list of the names of about twenty families in the poorest quarter of lower New York, and asked her to visit one of these families each day until she had called on them all. This would take her about a month. She promised to do all of this as best she could, and went away. Throughout the month Mr. Bates prayed earnestly to God that what he had told her might be a means of bringing her to Himself.

Her experience during that month was a trying one. On the first afternoon, as she entered a dirty street filled to overflowing with ragged children, mothers with babies in their



The Family





arms crowding the sidewalks, the smells from old garbage cans and from the tenements oppressive in the air, her heart cried out in anger against it all. It beat in upon her for the first time; the misery, the poverty, the dirt, the smells, and she exclaimed: "If there be a God, cursed be that God who makes such things possible." But she kept on with her work.

The first family on the list lived in one of the dirtiest tenements, on one of the most crowded streets. It was an Irish family. The young woman knocked timidly at the door, and received a growl to enter. She had never seen such a sight before—dirty, unwashed dishes scattered around the table, the whole place in confusion such as only the poor who lack character can create and endure. It staggered her. Seeing the marks of wealth about her visitor, the occupant of the room began to tell a pitiful story of rent unpaid and the dispossessing of the family within a few days. At last the girl drew out a bill and left it with the woman.

The next day she went to visit another family. Here again were poverty and hopelessness. After this call she returned to see how the first family was getting along. As she climbed the stairs, coarse laughter poured from the room where she had left the money. She found

a group of women in the room, most of them drunk, with bottles standing around everywhere. She realized that the woman had merely played upon her sympathy. Sick at heart, she went down the stairs and out into a greater darkness than that of the night.

Thus the month passed. Day by day the terrible need pressed in upon her, day by day the anger and resentment in her heart grew. But she determined to keep her end of the promise, and Roswell Bates was keeping his.

At last the end of the month arrived, and only one family remained on her list. Not a home that she had visited but was poverty-stricken and wretched. Yes, and not one of all that list knew aught of the presence of Christ's friendship and His cleansing love. They were homes without God and without hope. Mr. Bates had intended that this should be the experience through which she should go.

And now she had come to the last day of the promise, to the last family. As she walked down the street her heart was filled with the bitterness of failure. She climbed the stairs in a tenement and knocked at the door. A sweet voice called, "Come in," and she entered. Here in the same neighborhood with the dirty apartments she had visited, in a tenement like the others, she found herself in a

home, neat, clean, and attractive. A table with a fresh white cloth was set for a meal in the center of the room. Two bright-faced, well-dressed, happy children were playing on the floor. The mother, sweet of face, came forward and took her hand, saying: "We were just sitting down for lunch. Won't you stay?" Overcome by this sudden transition from distress to happiness, she sank into a chair. Suddenly she noticed a silence. The heads of the children were bowed, and together they offered a little prayer of thanks to God. When the simple meal was finished, and the children had run off to school, the girl began to talk to the mother. She asked how it was that their home was so different from all those in the surrounding tenements in which she had visited.

Then the mother told her story. It had not always been that way, oh no. Once their home was as bad and even worse than most of the homes in the neighborhood. Both she and her husband drank and quarrelled, the children had few clothes and little to eat. And then a change had taken place. One night her husband came home sober. He said that he was never going to drink again. Down at the church some one had talked to him, and asked him to join the "Men's League." He

promised to live a different kind of a life. His wife laughed at him. She gave him two weeks to keep straight. He kept straight a year. He was a changed man. There were better food and more clothes for the children. A year from the time that he had taken the step towards a new life, she went with him to the church. Now they were both active members. "We found Christ," the mother said. "He changed our lives and led us to God our Heavenly Father." And then she asked the young woman to pray with her. The girl could not. How could she? For she had never been taught even a child's prayer, but she opened the Testament which Mr. Bates had given her and read from it.

When she reached home that night, she locked the door of her room and fell upon her knees. "Oh God, if there is a God, and I doubt if there is, oh help me to believe just for one day in the reality and beauty of Christ's life and message to the world!"

One bright Sabbath morning, as Roswell Bates was preparing to go into the pulpit of the Spring Street Church, a note was handed to him. It read: "She who six months ago was the most unhappy woman in the world is this morning the happiest. I have found Christ, and today I unite with His church."

IX  
PROSPICE

*He came from God, to God returns—  
Should we complain?  
No, but we ask Thy help, dear Lord,  
To bear the pain.*

*Though he has only gone before  
A little while,  
Yet how we miss that brave strong face,  
That winning smile!*

*We know that he is with the Lord  
He loved, on high,  
And dwells in joy and tireless  
Activity.*

*He showed us here how Christ the Lord  
Would have us live.  
His life, his strength for others 'twas  
His joy to give.*

*The Father said, "His work I choose  
Aside to lay,"  
And took him up to work with Him  
In endless day.*

*Close to the Master was he here—  
Now closer still.  
Working on high his Master's work,  
Doing His will.*

*We should rejoice for him, that he  
Has "crossed the bar,"  
And sees his Pilot "face to face,"  
Heaven is not far.*

## IX

### PROSPICE

**I**N June of 1913, Mr. and Mrs. Bates started for South America, in order to study the missionary work in that great continent, and also that Mr. Bates might secure a rest from the unceasing labours in which he had continued to tax his strength beyond the limit.

That he tried to hide his real condition even from his wife is revealed in one of the last letters he ever wrote, a letter to a friend at the Neighborhood House, in which he said:

“I have not told Edith, but I don’t mind the men who are doing my work at Spring Street, especially Scott, knowing that my strength lasted just long enough to say the last ‘good-bye’. From then till now I have been so weak, it has been an effort to hold a book or a pen.”

On Thursday, July 17, word came to Spring Street that Roswell Bates had fallen in the heart of South America, having laid down his life in the service of those whom he loved. On the evening of the following Sunday, his people were asked to assemble in the church

to which he had given his life. The address delivered then by Mr. William S. Coffin, and the prayer that he prayed that night, express as nothing else could, what was in the hearts of Spring Street people that Sunday evening. He said in part:

“The work which God gave Roswell Bates to do was finished, and like the great Prophet and Organizer of Israel, God sent him to a far-off mountain, and then, mysteriously called him home.

“To you and me remains the task of completing the conquest of the Promised Land, and it seemed to me the moment I woke up this morning as if one message was sounding in my ears, sent from Heaven to the people of Spring Street, and this is the message: ‘Speak to the men and women of Spring Street, that they go forward.’

“What a land of promise lies about this church; thousands upon thousands of men, women and little children, hungry and thirsty for a gospel that will transform narrow, shallow, sinful lives into lives of abundance, beauty and power, lives that are worth while and really count for God, for country, and their fellow-men. Then there are the strangers within our gates—the Italians so dear to Mr. Bates’ heart



—there are the sick and discouraged—there are the little children.

“It seems to me as if our Captain were still in this room, his hand resting on the shoulder of every one here, and his voice pleading earnestly, ‘Speak to the men and women of Spring Street that they go forward.’ And seeing that we are doing our work under the loving eye of such a witness, let us lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, Who hath chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide, that believing in Him, the works that Jesus Christ Himself did, we shall do also, and greater works than these shall we do, through the power and example of those that loved us and gave themselves for us.”

This was the concluding prayer: “Hear, O Father, the cry for power that rises from the inmost heart and life of every man and woman in this room. Let the mantle of him who has ascended to Thy side fall upon our shoulders. Endow us with a double portion of his spirit—the spirit of Jesus Christ Himself—which shall enable us to complete the work he has so well organized. May we consecrate

every day of our lives, as he did, to transforming the City of New York into the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ, and may He reign and reign alone in the heart and life of every man, woman, and child in this great city. This we ask in the name and for the sake of the great Shepherd of the sheep, Who loved us and gave Himself for us, and Who inspired the shepherd of this little flock daily to give his life for his sheep.”

Still stunned by the brief cable message from South America, and with the details of their leader's death unknown, the Spring Street people went out from that service with a determination in their hearts to be true to the trust that Roswell Bates had left to them.

The story of his death came finally, in a letter written to the Spring Street Church, from the one he loved most and who loved him best, while she was still among the mountains of Peru.

“We arrived at Cuzco, July 13. There are no carriages in Cuzco, and we walked to the hotel, a distance of nearly half a mile, with great difficulty. I put him to bed at the hotel and then started out in search of friends. I went to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Austin, American missionaries, whose names I ascertained in Mr. Speer's book on South America. Mrs. Austin could not accommodate us that night

but promised to call the next day. The following day, the trained nurse, Miss Pinn, called and talked to Mr. Bates for nearly an hour about the work in South America. That evening six Indians carried him on a stretcher to the Austin's home. He slept peacefully. He was not conscious again.

"The following morning, Tuesday, we called the doctor, a Peruvian, whom the Austins trusted. He said that Mr. Bates must not travel for a week. No one had any anxiety that day. Wednesday morning Miss Pinn told me that she feared the end was near. I prayed hard for his life. He seemed stronger at eleven, and I was sure that God had answered my prayer, that he would live for his church, for his family. But at one the nurse said that I must say good-bye. That last half hour, I was with him alone. He had no suffering, only a quiet, peaceful sleep, and those beautiful eyes opened in Heaven, where he saw his father, mother, and baby brother.

"We had no good-bye and he had no idea of parting. We talked of separation at Lima, but he said, 'I cannot die; I must live till my son reaches manhood.' He lived so near to Heaven that God took him as our baby, Talcott, goes to sleep. Do not mourn for him. He is happy and he understands the reason why, although we cannot know yet. Mr. Bates is present with us all the time. I feel his nearness every instant, and I know that if I am unhappy, it grieves him. Let us each one live to make him happy; let us show to him in this way our love, our devotion. Let us make our church a power, and may we all be worthy of him whom we love so devotedly."

Mrs. Bates brought his body back to New York, at times helping to carry it herself down from the mountains. Back to the sorrowing people of his own Spring Street Church his body was borne, that those whom he had loved with almost the Master's devotion might not be denied the comfort of bearing witness to their love in the last service over the mortal remains of their minister, whose spirit had gone home to God.

In the services which followed there was no note of despair, but only of a great and glorious victory, stirring his people to greater achievement than that already accomplished with him.

His funeral service was held in the Spring Street Church on Sunday morning, August 17. Dr. George Alexander gave the opening address and Rev. Murray Shipley Howland delivered to the sorrowing people gathered there what he believed to be Mr. Bates' message to his Spring Street:

"Yonder on Morningside Heights, there is growing slowly, year by year, the great cathedral that is to be. That which stands there to-day is but a faint promise of that which shall one day crown those heights.

"You are building a cathedral here on Spring Street. Into its walls have already

been built noble lives, sweet, strong lives, lives of delicate fragrance and beauty. And the cornerstone has been the Lord, the Master, and the keystone of the arch has been your pastor. But, after all it is only the beginning, and as the years pass, you are to build your lives into this rising cathedral, that it shall be perfect, nothing lacking, no stones missing, no beauty lost, but a perfect building, builded together in the Lord.

“And this is his message to you: ‘This is the power that overcometh the world,—even your faith.’ He ‘has fought the good fight, he has finished the course, he has kept the faith,’ and Christ the Redeemer has promised that there is laid up for him, and for you, the Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord shall give to him at that time, not to him only, but to all those who love his Lord.”

The next day beside his grave at Hartford, Connecticut, the same note of victory resounded through the words of Rev. Charles E. Rhodes:

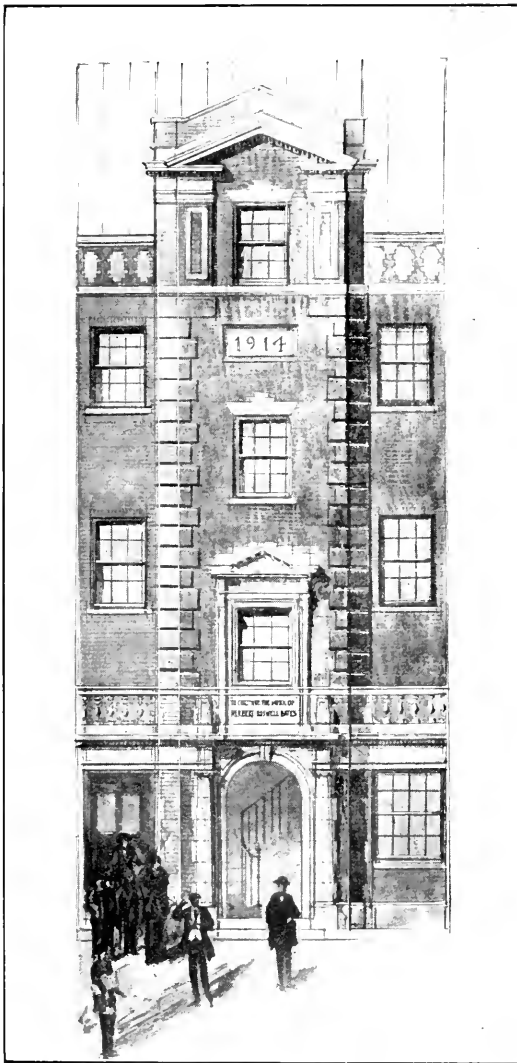
“Here, at last, our long, sad journey ends. From the very first nothing has been said or done to make the last services for our dear one seem like defeat; nothing has been funeral. The note of victory has, as is most fitting, been always kept uppermost. So let it be at this place where the last words are said.

“All this has seemed so in keeping with the life which has not ended, but only changed. The great and good work shall forever go on. No broken column symbolizes the earthly portion of Roswell’s life; even that was complete, though short. Rather does the full sheaf of wheat symbolize that life. The world is better because he lived and worked. And his works shall follow him. His memory shall be blessed. Of him it may be most truly said: ‘This is the victory, even your faith.’

“The loss to us, and the separation, fill our hearts with untold sadness. But our sadness is not like that of those who sorrow without hope. Our hope and our faith sustain us, as they ever sustained him. So would he have it.

“Rarely could the last words of the great Christian poet, Browning, be applied to another so well as here, for our brother was called away ‘at noonday in the bustle of man’s work-time.’ And how well do these words characterize him:

“‘One who never turned his back but marched breast  
 forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong  
 would triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.’”



Entrance to Bates House





On November 2, a Memorial Service was held in the Spring Street Church, in which very simply and briefly, testimony to the continuing power of the influence of Roswell Bates, was given by Dr. George Alexander, Dr. A. Woodruff Halsey, and Dr. Henry S. Coffin, representing his fellow-ministers in New York City, and by some of the younger men whom he had inspired to do the work of the future, Rev. William D. Barnes, Jr., Rev. Albert L. Evans, Rev. Frank L. Janeway, Rev. Theodore F. Savage, Rev. John E. Fleming, and Rev. Norman M. Thomas. The triumphant message of his life was again driven home to the hearts of his people. Mr. Thomas summed up the wonder of his work at Spring Street and in the colleges when he said:

“A few years ago a clergyman asked me: ‘How long will Mr. Bates stay at Spring Street? A man who can preach as he can ought not to stay—it’s foolish.’

“Today we are here to pay our homage to such magnificent folly. In that which is foolishness to the world is revealed the wisdom of God. The loyalty which kept Mr. Bates at Spring Street, above all else, explains his character and work, and the vision he had of the part the Church should play in communities like this, is the vision the Church must

have if ever she herself is to be saved and to save a world for Christ.

“The world is hungering and thirsting today for a living message, which comes in the wisdom and power of God. Such he brought, especially to young men. He came to them with a great sympathy. He knew their temptations and weaknesses. He told them of a Christ Who was mighty to save. He spoke of no distant theological Redeemer, but of a personal Friend, Whose friendship he had proved, Who had helped him in his own temptations, and out of weakness had made him strong. He did more than that. He bade men look at the darkness of sin and misery around about them in the poorest regions of the city, and then he told them that even there had the light shined. So he won his hearers in the colleges not with words of eloquence, but with a life of service, and with tales of his own experience in bringing in the fulness of life which Christ came to give, even to the poorest and neediest of earth. Because he had himself thus proved Christianity and made it a force in reclaiming the drunkard, arousing the indifferent, and lightening the burden of the poor, he had a message for college men which he never would have had apart from his work here at Spring Street.

How extensive his influence was, only God knows. I think it is true that literally hundreds of college men today mourn him as a personal friend, and feel the influence of his words as one of the strongest forces in their lives."

The work of the leader will increase as Spring Street grows with the years. A dream which was in the heart of Roswell Bates before he went to South America is soon to be realized in the erection at Spring Street of a new Gymnasium and a Dormitory for working girls. Over the door there will be an inscription which contains the very essence of the spirit working today at Spring Street:

*TO CONTINUE THE WORK  
OF H. ROSWELL BATES*









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